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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE meeting of Parliament is, or ought to be, the great topic of the day" just now. But there seems to be a general belief that the Session will be more than usually uninteresting. It sometimes happens that at this particular season, when the

period of the recess is just coming to an end, that a number of questions are before the public which every one expects to see solved in some manner or other as soon as Parliament assembles. "What was the meaning of that mysterious war with Persia?" "Were we justified or not in making an

attack upon China?" "Is the income tax to be lowered?" "Is the long-talked-of, little-cared-for Reform Bill to be brought in?" No such inquiries as these are to be heard now. There seems to be a little agitation going on among the farmers on the subject of the malt tax; and the recent speeches



INCIDENT AT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND-STREET.

of Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Mr. Leatham, and other members on the necessity of reform, show that the subject will at least be brought forward. It is just as evident that in this dying Parliament nothing can be done with it. It will serve, however, to elicit a certain number of speeches from which the voters at the next election will be able to tell the sheep from the wolves—the sheep being, of course, those who are in favour of a reform bill. When the sheep begin to frame their bill, when the time comes for them to decide precisely where they shall draw that fatal line below which the working man will not be allowed to vote, then only their difficulties will begin. In the meanwhile, nothing in the game of politics is easier than to make pledges and protestations, in or out of Parliament. It is, as Hamlet says, “as easy as lying,” to which accomplishment it indeed bears a general resemblance.

With the exception, perhaps, of the war in America and the relations existing between America and England in connection with Canada, there will (fortunately for us) be no foreign subjects to discuss this Session. Some members who have indulged in Continental travel during the recess may feel bound to give their fellow-legislators the benefit of their recent experience; but it will be difficult to find a pretext for getting up such lively, though utterly unprofitable, debates as those which took place, last year, on the subject of Denmark, and, the year before, on that of Poland. The great European event of the day is, undoubtedly, the publication of the encyclical letter. It has divided the Catholic world into two parties, or, at least, has made the line of separation between the Ultramontanes and the Liberals in the Catholic Church much wider than it was before. There are several of our literary members of Parliament who are quite capable of lecturing at length on this topic, but we do not see how they can contrive to bring it before the House. We have no treaties with the Pope, and do not even grant him ordinary diplomatic recognition. It would be, therefore, impossible for us to find a plea on which to call him to account. Otherwise, and if the encyclical letter had been “communicated” to our Government like a diplomatic document, the great Parliamentary talkers, who talk for talking's sake, would have had a fine subject for their eloquence.

The Imperial Government of France, however, cannot allow the encyclical letter to remain without an answer. For against whom was the Papal missive really launched? Not against the Atheists and Revolutionists, whose errors it professes to denounce; not against Protestants and other “schismatics;” but simply against the men who have constituted Italy in its present shape; and, first of all, against the French Emperor—the real creator of the Italian Kingdom, though he allows Victor Emmanuel to wear the Italian crown. As Victor Emmanuel has been formally excommunicated, it would be superfluous—indeed, under the circumstances, it would be impossible—for the Holy Father to address observations of any kind to him. But the Emperor of the French cannot well be shut out from the pale of the Church. The experiment would be rather a dangerous one, and we may be quite sure that it will not be tried. He can only be attacked indirectly, through the principles on which he rests his power, and in the encyclical letter these are rudely (very rudely) assailed. The alleged error “that it is lawful for a people to choose their own sovereign” may be an error or not, as far as we in England are concerned. It is a principle which we do not fully recognise, without, however, altogether disavowing it. We do not blame other nations, who, having a vacant throne, call for candidates, and appoint to fill it the one who can manage to poll the greatest number of votes. But our own practice is something quite different; and hereditary right, limited by certain well-defined conditions, has been more consistently respected in England than in countries whose form of government is fierce absolutism. In France, however, the election of Napoleon III. to the Imperial throne is an affair of too recent a date; and “the elect of the people” has too often declared, or allowed it to be declared for him, that in that character he rules, to render it safe now for all the clergy in France to be instructed that his title is altogether invalid.

It is known that a report on the subject of the Papal letter is being drawn up for presentation to the French Council of State, and it seems to be expected that its publication in church by certain Bishops will be condemned as an encroachment of the temporal on the spiritual authority. Some of the correspondents of the press in Paris have, moreover, a notion that the encyclical will be mentioned—and, if so, naturally not with praise—in the Emperor's Speech to the members of the two Chambers.

But the Emperor has generally kept his own counsel as to what he intended to say on these and other similar occasions; and we do not believe that he has now broken through his rule and taken one or more newspaper correspondents into his confidence. A very full account of his Majesty's forthcoming speech has been published in the *Morning Post*; but its author—we mean the author of the account—has the candour to confess that he writes entirely from his own imagination. There is always something that is meant to take Europe by surprise in the Emperor's state speeches; and if in the one now about to be delivered the usual characteristic element should be wanting—its very absence will be a surprise.

DOM FERNANDO OF PORTUGAL, the father of the reigning King, has just sent to the Society of Aquafortistes, of Paris, a proof etching exhibiting great ability. It represents a funeral oration pronounced by a cat over a deceased brother; around the bier is a crowd of other cats expressing their grief in various ways; some wipe their eyes, some look upwards with resignation, while others seem transfixed by despair, but all stifle their sobs and listen to the orator, who is seated with intense gravity on a tub.

EVERYBODY'S CHILDREN.

MORE than a hundred years ago a great physician, who had written a notable book about poisons, and had studied at some of the most celebrated medical schools in Europe, went to live in what was then a handsome new street leading out of Queen-square, and known by the aristocratic name of Great Ormond-street. Dr. Richard Mead was a Royal physician, and his house, to which he had removed from a more humble dwelling at St. Dunstons, was a stately, well-appointed mansion, with a fine garden upon which he built a museum to contain his collection of interesting objects connected with the profession he had so ardently followed. After his death, in 1754, the house fell into other hands, and, though it could boast at least one eminent inmate in the person of the late Lord Macaulay, whose father became its tenant, there seemed some probability of its being entirely separated from those medical associations which had originally made it famous. It happened, however, that a few thoughtful and philanthropic gentlemen, who had long been impressed with the terrible aggregate which the bills of mortality presented in recording the number of children who died every year in the metropolis, met together on the 30th of January, 1850, to consider whether we could not follow the example of some of the principal Continental cities by establishing a children's hospital in London.

The first terrible fact which prompted them to make an earnest effort was that furnished by the registrar's returns, where they saw—as, indeed, some of them, being themselves in the medical profession, knew already—that 25,000 of London's little ones die every year almost before they grow to boyhood or girlhood—that is to say, while they are under ten years of age; and with this was coupled the painful certainty that a large percentage of such young lives might be saved if only there were the means to afford them the necessary conditions of recovery; conditions, however, which could not be secured in any existing institution, since ordinary hospitals, even the noblest and most useful of them, are not adapted to the treatment of children, who must necessarily be regarded as an incumbrance where the resources are often insufficient even for the needs of the adult population.

It may readily be understood, therefore, that the establishment of a children's hospital involved the adoption of some means for increasing the knowledge of those diseases to which children are peculiarly liable, and that the hospital should include some arrangement for fulfilling the part of a medical school as well as a training establishment for nurses.

For nearly two years these nine gentlemen, who formed the first committee, worked and appealed to their friends for the attainment of the object they had set their hearts upon; and at last, in 1852, they were in a position to look about them for a suitable house in which they might make the experiment of establishing a hospital for sick children. To find such a building was no very easy matter, since it must, as they well knew, be at no great distance from the poor neighbourhoods from which the tiny patients would be carried sometimes in loving arms that could do no better for them than to bear them to a home where they might find the food and medicine, the health and strength, which would never come to them in the foul courts and alleys where they were born.

It must be a large, airy house too, with great lofty rooms and the means for air and sunlight to enter freely. Of almost equal necessity there must be a garden, where little convalescents might use their nearly-restored limbs and renovate their blood with fresh air and healthy exercise. As though for the very purpose of supplying the place they had need of at this time, the house of the Court physician in Ormond-street became tenantless; and there, with very little adaptation, were the lofty spacious rooms, the cool, wide staircases, the high windows, that were needed; whilst the garden where the Doctor had built his museum was still in its glory with fruit and flowers, wanting care, but with a whole world of beauty between its high walls.

Eleven months before they could open it as a hospital, the house was taken and prepared for the admission of the first patient—one little girl—who, lying there in her tiny bed, became the principal occupant of the stately old mansion, with its burnished oak staircases, and its great, high, carved mantels.

Twenty-four out-patients, and eight little creatures tended within the walls, was the work of the first month; and it is rather an encouraging than a deplorable fact that the new institution had to gain the confidence of the poor mothers who brought their pining children for medical aid before the number of inmates increased. Very soon, however, the gentle compassion which was shown to the tiny patients won the hearts of these poor women who loved without the power to save; and one after another parted with the girl or boy so much the dearer for being weak and helpless, that they might receive their darling back again in renovated health and vigour.

The first year the income of the hospital was £314, and it has been progressing ever since, the last total showing £2700 as the amount of the twelve months' subscriptions, a sum which, encouraging as it may be as an evidence of progress, is surely insignificant when we remember the noble object for which this hospital has been founded and the appeal which its very name should make to every one of us. It soon found good friends, however; and on one notable occasion, when the funds had been reduced to £1000, its cause was advocated at the annual festival by Mr. Charles Dickens; and it is not wonderful that, when he urged the claims of those who are yours, ours, everybody's children, there should have been subscribed £2850. It is wonderful that the institution should not have grown far beyond its present limits when its urgent claims are considered.

Happily, however, the committee have been able to increase their space by adding the next house and garden to that in which they commenced their philanthropic enterprise, so that there are now sixty-two beds for the reception of the little sufferers who are admitted within the walls; while the number of patients has increased from 1852, when there were 143 in-patients and 1250 out-patients during the year, to 1863, when 571 were admitted to the house, and 11,670 received medical advice without admission. During its twelve years of usefulness, 100,105 out-patients and 4250 in-patients have received its benefits, at a cost which, by great experience and economy, seems remarkably small, when it is remembered that nothing is withheld that can help to restore those drooping lives and strengthen those failing little limbs.

Among the objects which the hospital is intended to accomplish is the training of pupil nurses, who, for a small weekly payment, may become inmates, under the direction of the lady superintendent; and only a short time ago the space which has since been required for the more legitimate purposes of the hospital was devoted to a general nursery, where, for a very trifling charge, poor women might leave their infants for the day in perfect confidence that they would be well cared for. The appurtenances of this department, however, have been transferred to another establishment, instituted for that purpose only, and all the rooms in both houses are but just sufficient to provide wards for the sick children.

These wards and the whole arrangements of the place have been so frequently described by skilful and observant writers that there is little need to enter into their details here, especially as the place itself is open to visitors, who may, if they choose, receive a little book recording the visit of a lady eminent alike for benevolence and for literary ability.

When it is remembered how small a sum is gratefully received by a charity like this, which is unendowed, but which should, we think, be held as the primary charity of all, it will scarcely seem out of place for us to depart a little from ordinary custom in mentioning its claims. Let men and women who have children of their own realise the fact that sixpences, that pence even, have done great things when they have been called for to fulfil much less noble purposes. Let it not be forgotten that a toy, a picture-book, a child's half-worn garment, a remnant of linen, cloth, or flannel, may help to comfort some of those little failing hearts; nay, let everybody only follow the good old custom, and save up all their farthings for the tiny patients in Great Ormond-street; and a larger hospital will soon arise, in which there will be more space for “everybody's children.”

T. A.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

It is reported in Paris that the French Government has officially notified to the Pope that, while regretting his Holiness's determination to come to no terms with the Italian Government, it thinks it useless to continue negotiations, and will for the future confine itself to carrying the Convention into effect. The *Constitutionnel*, however, denies that Count De Sartiges had presented a note to Cardinal Antonelli conveying such an intimation, and says that no such note is in existence.

SPAIN.

In the Spanish Senate a statement was made, last Monday, on behalf of the Ministry, which indicated that Spain will be ready to recognise the kingdom of Italy if the transfer of the capital proves the stability of that State.

ITALY.

Several popular demonstrations have occurred in Turin within the past week, but they have not been of very great significance. The most important of these demonstrations took place on Monday night, when the crowd assembled in front of the Royal Palace, where a Court ball was going on. The National Guard dispersed the crowd, and several arrests were made. These demonstrations are becoming an unpleasant symptom of the feeling in Turin. Their immediate origin is the adoption by the Parliament of a motion by Baron Ricasoli, which shelved, in the supposed interests of national concord, all proposal to pass censure upon the late Ministry. With clamour against Peruzzi and Minghetti are now mingled in Turin outcries against Ricasoli, one of the purest and most upright of Italian patriots.

The military tribunal has decided on proceeding against fifty-three of the soldiers who were on duty in the streets of Turin during the disturbances of September. Twenty of the accused are charged with having exceeded the means of legal defence, and the others with having used their arms unnecessarily.

PRUSSIA.

In his reply to the address of the Senate, the King expressed himself as ardently desirous that the conflict between himself and the representatives of the country should be arranged. With that view his Majesty said he had made advances to the representatives, in the hope that they in turn would make advances to him.

The bill regulating the strength of the Prussian army in time of peace and the length of military service has been laid before the King by the Ministry and approved. It will be brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies next week.

MEXICO.

The Emperor Maximilian has issued a manifesto declaring in firm terms that the Church property in Mexico belongs to the State. The Papal Nuncio at Mexico declares that he is without instructions on the subject. The Emperor Maximilian expresses extreme surprise at this announcement.

CANADA.

The Canadian Parliament has been opened at Quebec. The Governor-General announced that a bill would be presented to the Colonial Parliament to arm the Executive with further powers to deal with political refugees who abused the right of asylum; and he spoke hopefully of the prospects of the confederation scheme.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

WAR NEWS.—CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

OUR intelligence from New York is to the 21st ult. A fresh expedition against Wilmington, under Admiral Porter and General Terry, arrived off Fort Fisher on the 13th ult. Early on the 14th the operations began, and the signal was given to form line of battle, when a powerful squadron, headed by the Brooklyn, of 26 guns, stood in and began to shell the woods, in order to facilitate the landing of troops. In the mean time the plated vessels and monitors took up a position in front of Fort Fisher and opened on the fort. “Every shot,” says a writer who describes the scene in an American paper, “struck the embrasures, and, exploding, threw clouds of sand high into the air.” While this double fire was going on the troops landed, and by ten o'clock 4000 of them were on the beach. But the contest between Fort Fisher and the ironclads was the chief work of the day. From eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon the monitors poured in ponderous shells at the rate of four per minute, the whole number thrown during that time being no less than 2000. The fort did not reply with an equal weight of fire, but still left its mark on the attacking fleet. At four in the afternoon the wooden ships were sent to reinforce the ironclads, and at twenty minutes to five o'clock the two divisions, carrying 312 guns, joined in the connotation. For an hour and a half a storm of fire was poured upon the fort, and the writer whose narrative furnishes us with these details estimates the number of shots fired during that time at 21,600. “Indeed,” he says, “I have no doubt that up to the withdrawal of the wooden walls this evening, not less than 25,000 shells were fired into Fort Fisher.” Such was the first day of this memorable attack, and we much doubt whether any single fort in the world has ever been subjected to so tremendous a fire. All Friday night the monitors and ironclads kept up an occasional firing; but this ceased towards morning, and was not renewed until ten o'clock on Saturday, when the fleet again began firing at short range, calling forth no reply. The third day was Sunday, and was signalled, as has been the case so often, by a decisive conflict. The fire on the part of the fleet became general at noon, and at half-past three o'clock the assault was made. “After three days and nights of bombardment,” says the correspondent of the *Baltimore American*, “Fort Fisher is ours, with all the contiguous works commanding New Inlet.” General Terry states that the assault was made at half-past three in the afternoon, but full possession of the work was not obtained until ten at night. This sufficiently shows the desperate nature of the conflict. The fort was at length taken, with 1200 prisoners, among them being General Whiting and Colonel Lamb, who were both wounded. The remainder of the garrison retired up the narrow spit of land on which the fort stands, but subsequently surrendered, making the prisoners taken number about 2500 in all. The loss of the Confederates in killed and wounded is reported at 500, while that of the Federals is stated at 900, but is alleged to be much greater.

Admiral Porter officially reports the evacuation and destruction of Fort Smith by the Confederates and the entrance of his gunboats into Cape Fear River. Fort Caswell, in the other entrance to the Wilmington River, was to be attacked, and Admiral Porter expresses his conviction that its fall could not be long delayed. Indeed, it is reported that it had been destroyed by the Confederates, and that both passages to Wilmington were “hermetically sealed.” Hoke's Confederate division, 5000 strong, was at Wilmington.

The forces sent by Sherman to Beaufort have occupied Pocotaligo, which gives the possession of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad to that point and secures the safety of Sherman's flank in his march on Branchville. The Confederates evacuated the place during the night, and retired with little loss to Asherov, another place on the Savannah and Charleston Railway, where it is expected they will make a stand. Hardee, with 20,000 Confederates, is reported to be in a strong position on the Savannah River, twenty miles above Hardeeville.

General Thomas reports the South-West as practically a conquered country.

Confederate accounts claim the capture of 700 men at Beverley; also a large amount of stores and many horses.

General Joseph Johnston was said to have been reinstated in the command of Hood's army, which was at Corinth, throwing up fortifications.

The Federal monitor Patapsco was destroyed by a torpedo off Charleston on the 17th ult. Fifty of the crew were lost.

GENERAL NEWS.

Important but doubtful rumours regarding movements preliminary to peace negotiations were in circulation. These movements are said to have grown out of a resolution adopted by the Confederate Congress on the 17th ult. Fifteen commissioners are reported to have been appointed to confer with commissioners to be named by the Federals. Mr. Frank Blair had returned to Washington after visiting Richmond, and had once more proceeded to the Confederate capital. It was supposed he was the bearer of correspondence between Presidents Lincoln and Davis, though other reports state that Mr. Blair was only travelling between the two cities on his own affairs. General Singleton, a noted Peace Democrat, of Illinois, had gone to Richmond, with the consent of President Lincoln, to consult with the Confederate authorities. There was little expectation, however, that anything important would result from these movements.

Mr. Foote, the Confederate orator, who denounced the policy of Jefferson Davis within the walls of the Southern Congress, had been captured in an attempt to reach the Federal lines. He was subsequently released from arrest, upon the recommendation of the Confederate Congress, to whom President Davis had referred the point.

President Davis, in a letter to the Georgian Senate, dated Nov. 17, gives reasons why neither the North nor South can agree to a convention of the States for the settlement of existing difficulties.

Richmond journals attribute the loss of Fort Fisher and the recent reverses in Georgia and Tennessee to the interference and mismanagement of President Davis, and demand the relinquishment to General Lee of the entire and exclusive control of the military affairs of the Confederacy. Some papers state that the Confederate Secretary of War (Seddon) had been superseded by General Breckinridge.

The Abolitionists of Missouri had achieved a signal triumph, the State Convention having adopted an ordinance securing the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. A policy of gradual emancipation had been previously agreed upon, but a further discussion of the question had resulted in the immediate removal of the evil by an almost unanimous vote. A convention, composed exclusively of Unionists, had passed an emancipation resolution in Tennessee, which was to be shortly submitted to the vote of the people.

Secretary Stanton, who had reached Washington from Savannah, says that all the cotton and products found in the latter city belong to the Government, and arrangements are being made for their shipment to the North.

The American Consul at Havannah states that Confederates are aiming to make St. Mark's, Florida, a new port for blockade-running.

The Federal war-steamer San Jacinto was totally wrecked on a reef on the Bahama banks, on the 1st ult.; the crew, guns, and stores were saved.

The Court at Toronto had found Lieutenant P. Burley guilty of robbery and decided to surrender him to the Federal authorities. His counsel immediately moved a stay of proceedings and applied for a writ of habeas corpus.

The Hon. Edward Everett, formerly American Minister in London, had died from an attack of apoplexy.

THE PROVINCES.

REFORM MEETING AT LEEDS.—A meeting, called by the Mayor of Leeds (Mr. Luccock), in compliance with a numerously-signed requisition, got up under the auspices of the Leeds Working Men's Parliamentary Reform Association, was held in the Townhall of that borough on Tuesday evening last. There was a large gathering on the occasion, fully 2500 persons being present. The chief speakers were Mr. E. Baines, M.P.; Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P.; and Viscount Amberley, the eldest son of Earl Russell. Lord Amberley, who is about twenty-three years of age, and who may be said to have made his political debut on the occasion, was the great attraction of the evening; and there is no doubt that many persons, both Liberals and Conservatives, attended the meeting in order to hear his speech. He spoke out very strongly and plainly, and avowed himself to be disposed to go further in the enfranchisement of the people than any measure which has been under the consideration of Parliament recently. He was most warmly cheered.

A BOROUGH FOR SALE.—A considerable portion of the borough of Bridgnorth is to be sold by auction on the day after the meeting of Parliament. The property consists of about ninety freehold houses, including some of the most desirable residences in the town, with nine hotels and public-houses, several shops, building premises, wharves, &c., with attractive building sites in the best situations. "It presents," it is said, "considerable attractions to an enterprising capitalist, not only for investment, but as tending towards securing a seat in Parliament." The population of Bridgnorth is about 7900, and the number of electors about 700. It always returns two Conservative members to the House of Commons. Mr. Whitmore, the Tory whipper-in, is one of the present representatives.

FATAL COLLIERY ACCIDENT.—At Hallroyd Colliery, near Barnsley, some machinery had been erected for the purpose of sinking a new shaft. By some means the engine-tenter, a man named Hobbethwaite, became entangled in the machinery, was drawn over the mouth of the shaft, where, being disengaged, he fell to the bottom and was killed, striking the men at work there heavily in his fall. The poor fellow was raised to the surface by the "trunk," a small contrivance for lifting or lowering one man at a time. So soon as this was effected, Walton and English, the sinkers, prepared to ascend, and gave the signal. The man in charge accordingly started the engine, but, when the trunk was within a few yards of the top, the key of the bed which fastened the drawing-wheel to the roll gave way, causing the "trunk" to give a sudden drop for several yards. It then appeared that both the sinkers had entered the "shaft" together, and by this accident had been jerked out to the bottom, and killed.

A NIGHT IN THE SNOW.—On Sunday evening the Rev. Donald Carr, who had been conducting Divine service at Ratlinghope, left that place to return to his home at Woolston. His road lay over the Longmynd, Shropshire, with which he was perfectly acquainted; but, owing to the terrible blinding snowstorm which took place as he ascended the hill, the rev. gentleman lost his way. Repeatedly tumbling into snowdrifts of considerable depth, and gallantly fighting his way out of them, he gradually lost his boots, stockings, hat, and gloves, and in this deplorable state he was compelled to wander during the night. He manfully continued his efforts till daylight, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon he reached the carding-mill in the valley, snow-blind and fearfully frost-bitten. He was carefully attended to and carried to Church Stretton, where he was put under medical treatment, and is likely to recover. It may be stated that he had not tasted food since his breakfast on Sunday morning. On the same night a labouring man perished in the snow on the Longmynd, and his body was discovered near the track that Mr. Carr had misad.

THE REFORM PARTY IN SALFORD have resolved to invite Mr. T. B. Potter to become a candidate for the seat about to be vacated by the resignation of Mr. Maesey. Mr. Oliver Heywood is also talked of as a candidate.

TWO LADS. named Seary and Brown, fought a "battle" for money at Washington, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, a few days ago. The parents of both lads were on the ground, and Seary's mother acted as her son's bottleholder!

SINGULAR CASE.—On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th ult., a man named Frederick Hibberd, in the employ of Mrs. Pinchin, of Winsley, went to a straw-rick belonging to his mistress, near the Cumberwell Turnpike-gate, on the Bath-road, for the purpose of getting some straw. When he got there he began to remove the straw, and, after he had taken off some of it, to his great surprise he found a man in the rick. He looked at him and found that he breathed; and, thinking he was drunk and had got there and covered himself up for shelter, he ordered him off, saying that if he did not go he would fetch a policeman. The man did not move; and, as the weather was exceedingly rough and unfit for removing the straw, Hibberd left the rick and the man, and went home. The next morning (Sunday) he went to the rick again for the straw, and still found the man there. He again ordered him off, but received no answer. He then went and got the assistance of police-constable Matthews, who, on his arrival, examined the man, and found him to be in a very exhausted state and unable to speak or move. Matthews then posted off to Cumberwell Farm, and acquainted Mr. Stokes, the occupier of it. Mr. Stokes kindly lent a horse and cart to remove the man, and also accompanied the constable back, and administered to the man some brandy-and-water, and, after some time, he spoke. He then gave the following account of himself:—He said his name was Thomas Williams, and that he was sixty years of age; he was a native of Queenstown, in Ireland, but had lived in England nearly all his lifetime, having come over when he was quite a boy. The last food that he had taken was on the 6th of January, when he was at Trowbridge and was relieved at the police-station. On the next day, the 7th, he left Trowbridge for the purpose of going to Bristol, and passed through Bradford. On the evening of that day, about dusk, he turned into this straw-rick for a night's shelter, and covered himself over with straw; and during the night he was taken very ill and was unable to move, but his senses never forsook him. He had neither eaten nor drunk anything since. After this statement, he was removed to the workhouse at Avoncliffe, and every attention paid him, and he is now recovering. His appearance when found indicated that

he had suffered from want of food and exposure for some time, being in a most exhausted state; he was also wet and filthy. A man answering his description was relieved on the 6th of January, at the Trowbridge police station, and he was seen at Bradford the next day, but had not been seen since. According to his statement, he must have lain in the rick from the 7th to the 15th of January, without food or water.

STREET CLEANING.—M. Agudio, an Italian engineer, has invented a machine intended to be added to the mechanical sweeps, which are daily at work during this very muddy season in the streets of Paris. The machine consists in a cast-metal receiver on four wheels, to the lower extremity of which is fixed a wide tube. A small air-pump attached to the carriage creates a vacuum in the receiver. It is only requisite that the tube should graze the surface of the street for the mud to be, as it were, inhaled into this receiver—a sort of rake, fixed to the lower end of the tube, receiving the mud and facilitating its ascension.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.—Industrial exhibitions are becoming common nowadays. Two were opened on Wednesday—one for the working classes south of the river, at the Lambeth baths; the other confined to the narrower range of the operative coachmakers, at the Coachmakers' Hall, Noble-street, City. Both were opened with considerable spirit, and each promises, in its own way, to be very successful. The Lambeth Exhibition, which is the second of the kind in that district, was attended at the opening by the Bishop of Winchester, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, and several of the clergymen and Dissenting ministers of the district. The Marquis of Lansdowne opened the Coachmakers' Exhibition.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The annual meeting of the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre was held at the theatre on Saturday last, when it appeared from the report of the committee that the theatre was in an unusual state of prosperity, that the rent was punctually paid by the lessee, and that there was a considerable sum in hand. The report of the architect was also favourably received. A motion was made that the arrears of ground-rent due to the Duke of Bedford should now be paid off; but it was explained that the arrears had never been so small as at the present moment, and that it would be unwise to leave the committee without funds to meet any unforeseen accident that might occur.

COURT OF FINAL APPEAL IN ECCLESIASTICAL CAUSES.—On Monday evening a meeting of the jurisprudence department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science took place in Adam-street, Adelphi, when a paper was read by Mr. Edgar, "On the Court of Final Appeal in Ecclesiastical Causes." The lecturer traced the history of final appeals in ecclesiastical causes from the earliest period. He believed that the Court of Delegates which formerly existed was one of the most objectionable that could be imagined; and there was no wonder that, in 1831, it was entirely abolished, and the appeal transferred to the Queen in Council. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council he looked upon as a great improvement upon the old state of things; and of the many suggestions which were now being made to further improve its action only one met with his approval—that was the appointment of a permanent sub-committee of the Judicial Committee to deal with ecclesiastical causes. He would have the Bench of Bishops form part of this permanent sub-committee, the rest of the committee to be formed of lay members of the Judicial Committee, whose number should be double that of the Bishops. In the discussion which followed, a great diversity of opinion was manifested amongst the members as to what would be the best plan to adopt, but all were opposed to a court composed of bishops only, and ultimately the question was adjourned for future debate.

RESTORATION OF LONDON CHURCHES.

AUSTINFRIARS.

AUSTINFRIARS, a name familiar now in connection with business, was once the exclusive abode of the religious recluse. There was here an extensive priory, dedicated to St. Augustin, or Austin, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa, which was founded, in 1253, by Humphry Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and belonged to the Friars Eremites of the Order of Augustin.

The priory was abolished by Henry VIII., and in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. some part of it was used as a manufactory for Venice glass, under the direction of James Howel. Winchester-street is built upon ground once forming the garden of the priory.

The founder of the priory and his family erected upon part of its grounds a handsome and noble church, which, unfortunately, was some time since partially destroyed by fire, but has been restored by Mr. Lightly, architect, of Furnival's Inn, and we now give an engraving of the structure.

Henry VIII., when he abolished the priory, granted away the church and some other buildings; and, subsequently, Edward VI. bestowed the Church of the Augustines, except the choir and the steeple, upon a congregation of Germans and other strangers who had fled to this country for the sake of religion, and ordered the church to be called "The Temple of the Lord Jesus." The Dutch afterwards possessed the church, to whom it was confirmed by several princes succeeding Edward VI., and they now retain it.

The church comprises a nave and two aisles, with nine bays, and the roof is of stained deal. The pews, the screen and pulpit, and organ-case are of oak, the organ being placed between the arches under the south aisle.

The priory was a favourite place of burial for the nobles, it being considered that the ground was the more sanctified on account of the peculiarly religious lives of its possessors. Among the most famous of its dead inhabitants were Edmund Grey de Nime, Earl of St. Paul, who came to this country on a complimentary visit to King Richard II. and his Queen; Richard Fitz Alan, the great Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1397 on Tower-hill; John Vere, Earl of Oxford, beheaded by Edward IV., in 1463, on account of his adherence to the House of Lancaster; a number of Barons who fell in the Battle of Barnet; and Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was a victim to the resentment of Cardinal Wolsey. A long list of others may be found in "Stow's Survey."

Some part of the priory house and the cloisters were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Paulet, his Lord Treasurer, who erected there what was in his day considered a stately edifice, which descended to his son, the Marquis of Winchester. The Marquis disposed of the many beautiful monuments of the nobility there for the pitiful sum of £100, and stripped the lead off the roof of the priory house and turned the building into a stable.

Thus it is that, by the inconsiderateness of man rather than by the ravages of time, we have lost beautiful relics of our ancestors.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD.

Nearly eight hundred years ago, when Hereward, "the last of the Saxons" (who is about to be made the hero of Mr. Charles Kingsley's historical story), was an outlawed man, defending the Isle of Ely against the Conqueror, there were amongst his companions in arms four *preclarissimi milites*, each of whom bore the name of Ulric. As surnames at that time were used for the purpose of personal distinction, and were generally conferred in consequence of some peculiarity or adventure of those on whom they were bestowed, these four were known respectively as Ulric the White, Ulric the Black, Ulric "Gruga"—which perhaps meant the Cruncher, and was but another form of the old French "gruger"—and Ulric Rahere, or the Heron.

Rahere, who must at that time have been but a youth, earned this name by a successful adventure at the bridge of Urokesham, where—whether through a skilful disguise or not there is no information—he was mistaken for a heron by a party of Norman soldiers, who were about to execute, with great cruelty, "four innocent persons." Whatever stratagem the Saxon may have used, he succeeded, first, in alarming, and ultimately in attacking, the Normans and rescuing their prisoners; after which worthy deed he received his name of Rahere, and is no more prominently mentioned in history until he is alluded to (or so it is supposed) as that "man of singular and pleasant wit, and therefore of many called the King's jester and minstrel," who lived a life of gaiety in the Court of Henry I.

Of this life, however, he soon grew weary; and, as an evidence of his repentance and intended reformation, undertook a pilgrimage to Rome in order to visit the scene of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was while on his homeward journey that another Apostle, St. Bartholomew, appeared to him in a dream, and directed him, in expiation of his sins, to found an Augustin priory and a hospital in the neighbourhood of London, at a place called Smethefelde (or, as we might say, Smoothfield), at that time a piece of swampy meadow land, used as a place of public execution, and for meetings on extraordinary occasions, such as tournaments and other shows.

Very shortly after his return, in 1102, Rahere commenced the

foundation of his Priory of Augustins, or, as they were then called, "Black Canons," from the colour of their cassocks and cloaks; and to the priory was added, as a charitable adjunct, an hospital for a master, eight brethren, and four sisters, who were to have the care of such sick people and lying-in women as might need the benefit of the institution. Now, the Black Canons were great builders, and also great "leeches;" and, although they lived according to the rules of St. Augustin, were not necessarily priests, and were certainly not monks, although they lived in buildings resembling monasteries.

In March, 1123, the building of the priory church of Saint Bartholomew was partially completed, and the choir consecrated by Richard of Beauvais, Bishop of London; and, ten years later, the work was finished. Rahere himself became the prior, and took for his associate Alfune, the builder of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, who undertook the office of almoner, and went daily to the shambles and markets, where he begged the charity of devout people for his hospital, of which the Church of Bartholomew the Less formed the chapel. Not unmindful of his former favourite, Henry I. conferred upon the priory the privilege of that three days' fair for clothers and drapers which was known as cloth fair, and became celebrated for the Court of Pied Poudre, which was instituted to redress any grievances which arose during the continuance of the three days' sale. Until long after the death of its founder the priory remained attached to the hospital; but they were separated at the Dissolution, and the hospital itself might have been abolished, but that in the last year of his reign Henry VII. granted it a new charter of incorporation, and divided its endowment between the Crown and the citizens of London.

In 1544, however, the King sold to Sir Richard Rich, for £1064 11s. 3d., the prior's house, with all its appurtenances, consisting of infirmary, dormitory, chapterhouse, cloisters, and galleries over them, refectory, kitchen, woodhouse, barn, and stables, all within the close; and at the same time decreed that the church within the great close should be a parish church for ever, and that the void ground, 87 ft. in length and 60 ft. in breadth, at the west side of the church, should be a churchyard.

The original edifice was 280 ft. long; but it is at present only 132 ft. by 57 ft., and 47 ft. high; and the nave which had then been destroyed was the "void ground" that became, and is still, the churchyard—one of the most remarkable old nooks in the city of London.

Entering by a narrow passage not far from St. Bartholomew-close, the visitor finds himself in a square space, bounded on the right by a blank wall, and nearly filled with graves (uninclosed even by an iron railing), which look as though the headstones, leaning at all sorts of angles, had been thrown indiscriminately from the roofs of the houses that occupy two sides of the square and seem to have crowded up to the church with the view of blotting it out altogether with the accumulated and rather sordid buildings of three centuries.

The whole of the site once occupied by the priory and its appurtenances has been covered with tenements, to the very walls of which the graveyard has extended; while the church itself, or, rather, what remains of it, has only now been cleared from the deformities of successive repairs and alterations.

Amongst the most noticeable remains, however, are the balcony-like stall of the prior, entered from a long-disused cloistered gallery; the great roof of timber; the fine oil window of Prior Bolton, bearing, in sculpture, his punning device of the bolt in tun; and the monument of the founder, Rahere, guarded by a rail, and bearing an effigy which has evidently been coarsely recoloured in imitation of the original tints.

Of the ancient nave there remain, as we have said, nothing but the graveyard and a fragment of the south aisle, except a very fine Early English doorway leading to the cloister. The clerestory windows, of the same period, also remain; but the arches towards the choir and nave are of transitional date, as may be seen by their round heads and corbels. The original tower, which occupied the centre, was destroyed long ago, and the present structure, though built in 1628, bears the hideous aspect of eighteenth-century improvements. A later date than that of the foundation is also obvious in the capitals of the pillars of the north wing, and the English foliage of the panels was probably added during the alterations in 1544.

In 1830 the southern gallery was burned down; what remained of it was and is still occupied as a fringe manufactory, so that the innovations on this fine old building have been continued to our own time. The northern gallery is used as a school-room.

The windows, with their arch-mouldings and dripstones, were altered in the fifteenth century. The ceiling was always of timber; the present wooden corbels were added probably about 1630. The level of the floor was raised, it is presumed, about the year 1500, by Prior Bolton, about 2 ft. 6 in. It is impossible now to ascertain whether the eastern choir apse was ever completed. Across the western bend of it a straight wall was erected in the fifteenth century, which was painted in water colour of a bright red, spotted with black stars; and at a distance of a few feet eastward a second wall, pierced with two arches of the time of Charles I., was built. The space inclosed, having been used as a charnel, still bears the name of Purgatory.

The architecture of the present church, then, although much remains of the original building, is of a mixed character, and the monuments are not numerous. They include the high tomb and effigy of Prior Rahere, on the north side of the choir, within the early perpendicular screen of Roger de Walden, Bishop of London, who died in 1406; the Elizabethan tomb of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, who died in 1589; and that of Rycroft, the King's printer of the Polyglot. It will be remembered that Prior Bolton, whose memorial-window is still the greatest ornament of the church, also built the famous brick tower at Canonbury, built on the mauer given to the priory by Sir Ralph de Berners in the reign of Edward III., and his sculptured rebus of the bolt in tun is freely carved on the walls of the precinct. Within these walls, in the Close, lived Hubert le Scur, the sculptor, and John Milton; while in the church the great English artist William Hogarth was baptised, on Nov. 28, 1697.

This, then, is a description, as far as our space will permit, of the present condition of one of the most important monuments of mediæval art in London.

What will be the future aspect of the old minster of St. Bartholomew our Engraving will best help to show; but much will depend on the liberality with which the citizens of London support the effort now being made to raise a fund for its adequate restoration.

An outlay of £4000 will be required before the work is completed, and a committee has been formed under the presidency of Mr. Tite, M.P., and comprising the names of the Rev. John Abbiss, M.A. (the Rector), Mr. Beresford Hope, Rev. J. L. Petit, Mr. Hardwicke, R.A., Mr. W. F. White (treasurer of the hospital), Mr. Gilpin (treasurer of Christ's Hospital), and other well-known gentlemen; Mr. William Salt, of Lombard-street, having consented to act as treasurer.

The architects, Messrs. Lewis and Slater, have already completed their first contract by the removal of the accumulated rubbish (the debris collected during many centuries) from the interior; and while this clearance has shown the old building in its original proportions, it has also resulted in the discovery that a portion of the original tile pavement still exists, and that most of the accumulations, to about three feet in thickness above this tiled floor, were made in the sixteenth century. This contract has also included the construction of drainage, area walls, and similar preliminary works. The second contract, the operation of which has now commenced, will restore much of the ancient work, and secure the piers, arches, and columns; but the funds first subscribed will be exhausted by the works now in progress, and a sum of above £2000 will be required before any further progress can be made. The Rector and the committee, however, have good reason to hope that the funds will not be wanting for restoring to this ancient locality the building with which it has been associated for so long a period of English history.

MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, Esq., who has just been raised to the Irish Bench to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the late Mr. Justice Ball, is a native of Belfast, where his father was at one time in a large way of business as a wine merchant. The new Judge is now about fifty years of age. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution of his native town—an institution which has had the honour of educating Sir James Emmerson Tennent, and other men who have distinguished themselves in after-life. Mr. O'Hagan had here the benefit of the tuition of Dr. Montgomery, now the most eminent preacher in the Unitarian body in Ireland, and who, we believe, still retains a lively esteem for his old pupil and friend. Mr. O'Hagan was a member of a debating society which met in the Lancasterian Rooms, where he and Sir James E. Tennent, and other lights of the north of Ireland, were wont to exercise their oratorical powers; and here he laid the foundation of that skill in discussion which has since done him yeoman's service. He was called to the Bar in Belfast in 1836, and for a time went the North-Eastern Circuit. He did not, however, make much way at the Bar at first; and, having married a daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton Teeling, proprietor of a newspaper in his native town, Mr. O'Hagan edited his father-in-law's journal. He subsequently filled a similar position on the *Newry Examiner*. Thence he went to Dublin, and commenced the practice of his profession in the Irish metropolis, where he speedily made a position for himself. He obtained the appointment of assistant barrister in a northern county, and then filled a like position in the county of Dublin, the highest post of the kind which can be obtained. In his capacity of Assistant Judge he travelled the North-Western Circuit, the most imbued with Orangeism in the island; and, though a Catholic, so impartial was his conduct, and so conciliating his manners, that he won the cordial respect and esteem even of those who differed most widely from him in both religion and politics. He served as Solicitor-General while Baron Deasy was Attorney-General, and on his leader's elevation to the Bench succeeded him as principal law officer in Ireland. It then became desirable that he should enter Parliament; but it was a considerable time before he could obtain a seat. Ultimately, however, he was elected for Tralee, which he has since represented. Mr.



MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN, THE NEW IRISH JUDGE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

O'Hagan, in the last Session of Parliament, introduced several bills for the reform of judicial procedure in Ireland, and, though he did not succeed in carrying any one of importance into law, it was understood that he intended to continue his efforts; and it was for some time doubtful whether he would avail himself of the opportunity of promotion presented by the resignation of Justice Ball, or remain at his post in the Ministry for the purpose of carrying out those reforms which he had so much at heart. He has chosen otherwise, however; and while the Government have lost the services of an efficient law officer, the people of Ireland have reason to congratulate themselves on the accession to the Bench of one of the most clear-headed, upright, and accomplished men who have worn the ermine for many years. Mr. O'Hagan's intellectual power and professional acquirements are sufficiently proved by the fact that he won his way to the foremost rank of his profession with such men as Whiteside, Napier, Holmes, Webster, Armstrong, and Sullivan as competitors.

Mr. Justice O'Hagan was never a violent party man, and the kindness of his disposition, the suavity of his manners, and the acknowledged rectitude of his character, made him respected and beloved by all with whom he came into contact. His elevation to the Bench has given universal satisfaction in Ireland.

The legal appointments consequent on the promotion of Mr. Justice O'Hagan have now all been made. Mr. Lawson, late Solicitor-General, becomes Attorney-General; Mr. Serjeant Sullivan, Law Adviser to the Government, becomes Solicitor-General; while his coil has been given to Sir Colman O'Loghlen, M.P.; and Mr.

acting ram pumps, or sets of plungers. The beams are 40 ft. long; the flywheels 27 ft. in diameter, and each of fifty tons weight; the cylinder is 48 in. diameter and 9 ft. stroke; and the plungers (of which there are eight to each engine) are 4-6 diameter; half of them with 4-6 stroke, and the other half with 2-6 stroke. This portion of the works (both buildings and machinery) have made such progress during the past two months that the engine house presents quite a new feature in the scene at Crossness, where it is intended that a superintendent and a staff of workmen shall reside permanently, several cottages having been built for their occupation.

Over 12,000,000 gallons of sewage per day is now discharged from this southern outfall. The cost of the work was £310,648.

The southern low-level sewer is progressing rapidly. It is more than nine miles in length, commencing near Putney Bridge and terminating at Deptford pumping-station. This will intercept all the drainage of the districts it passes through—viz., Wandsworth, Battersea, much of Lambeth, Camberwell, and New-cross.

The southern high-level sewer, which drains an area of about fifteen square miles, including Deptford, Brixton, Sydenham, and Dulwich, has been completed at a cost of £215,299, and an extension of the Effra, in connection with this, was completed for £19,374.

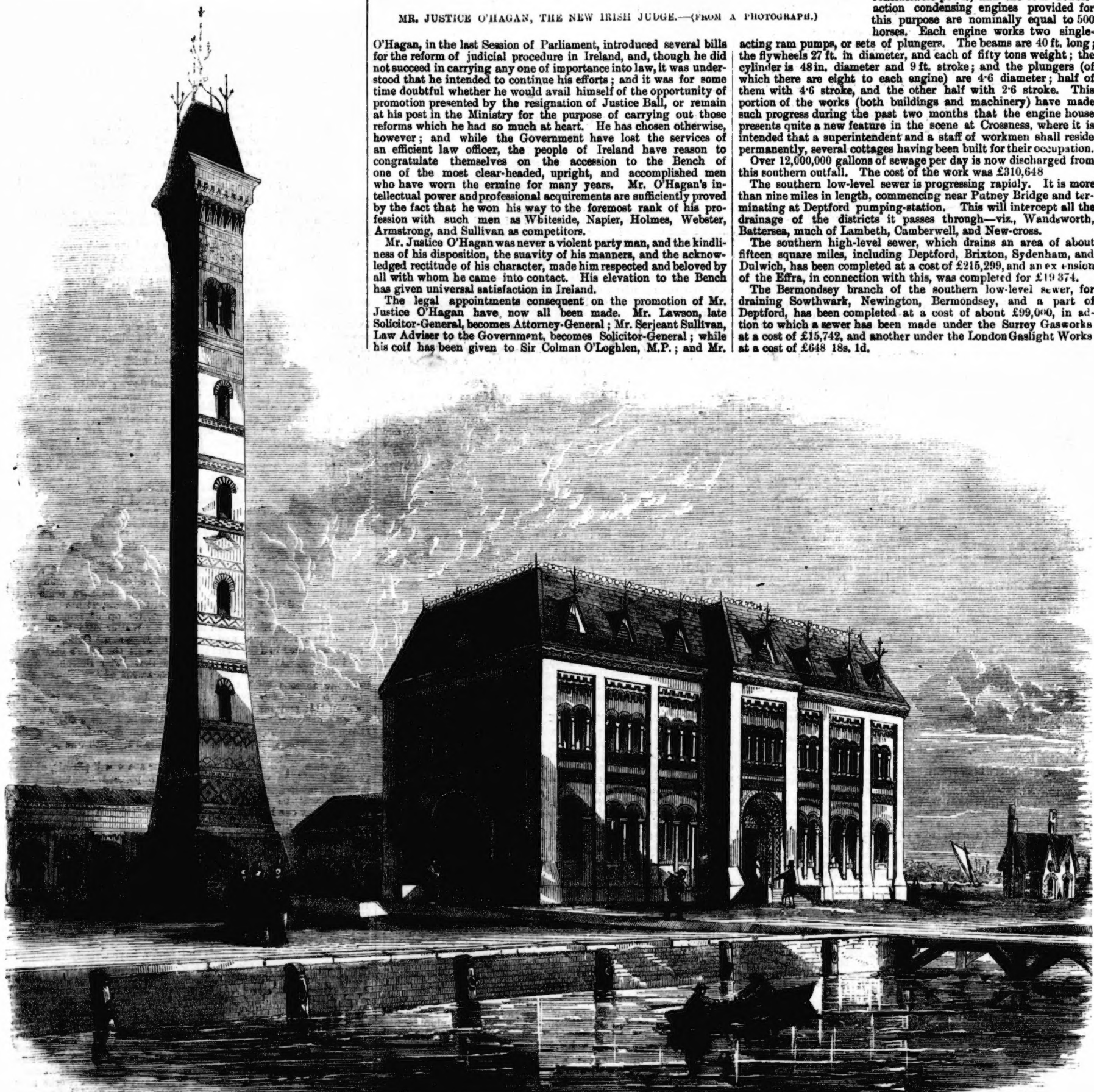
The Bermondsey branch of the southern low-level sewer, for draining Southwark, Newington, Bermondsey, and a part of Deptford, has been completed at a cost of about £99,000, in addition to which a sewer has been made under the Surrey Gasworks at a cost of £15,742, and another under the London Gaslight Works at a cost of £648 18s. 1d.

Charles Barry, Q.C., takes the place vacated by Serjeant Sullivan. The last-named gentleman is a Protestant; the other two are Catholics.

THE ENGINE HOUSE AT THE SOUTHERN OUTFALL SEWER.

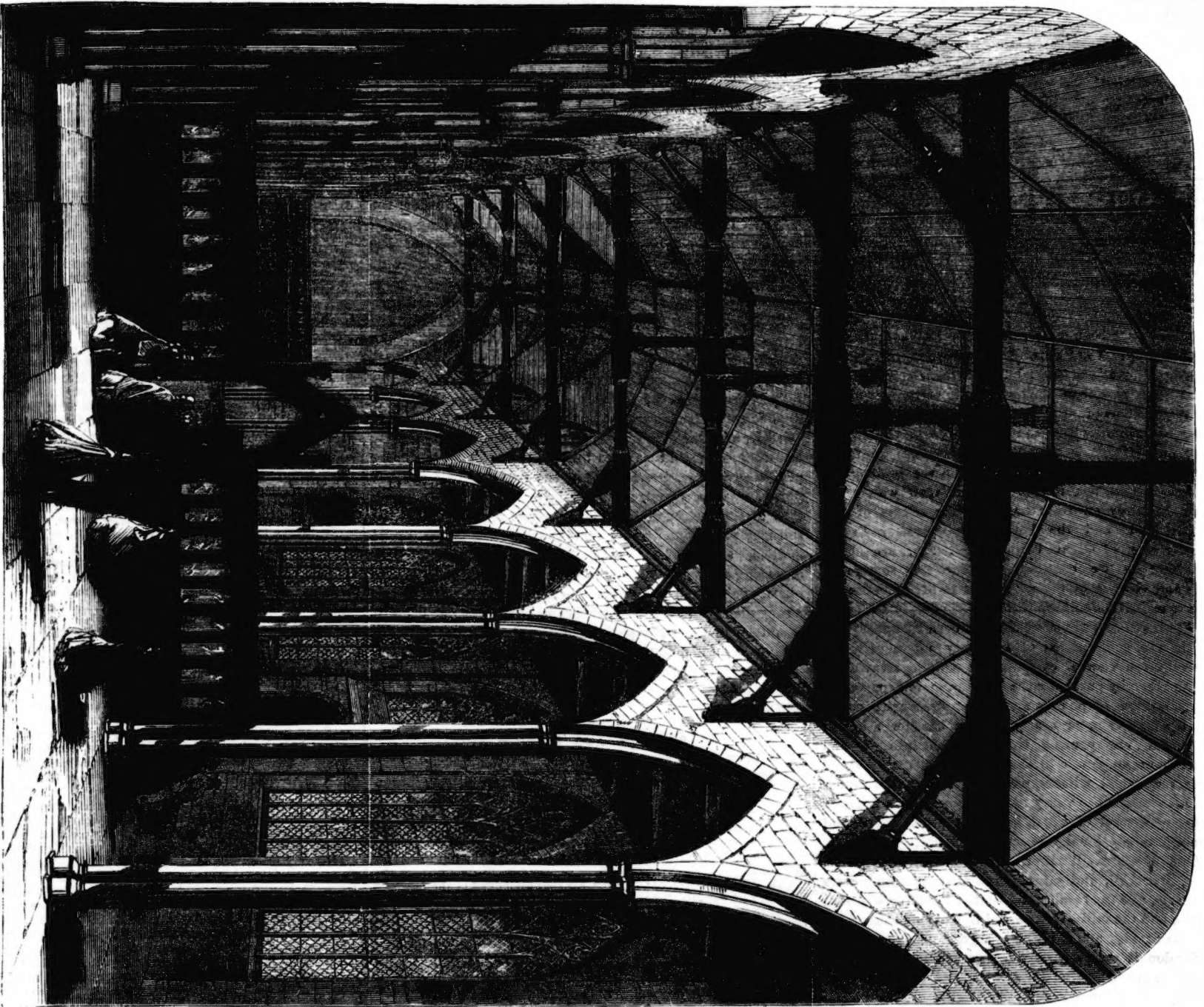
At the commencement of the outfall works of the great main-drainage system we published a detailed account of the scheme which it was intended to adopt in this gigantic undertaking, and again, in a recent Number, we published some description of the works which were approaching completion. Our present Engraving represents the engine house just erected by the river front of the southern outfall sewer at Crossness, which is one of the principal portions of the works necessary to bring the whole system into complete operation.

The drainage from the lower districts of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey, Newington, Vauxhall, &c., have hitherto been pumped at the Deptford Creek station from the low-level sewer up to the high-level sewers, which carry off the drainage from Nunhead, Dulwich, Norwood, Brixton, and Clapham: the united stream now flows through the southern outfall sewer to Crossness, where it will be lifted into the reservoir in a maximum quantity of 8000 cubic feet a minute, the reservoir itself being capable of holding 4,340,000 cubic feet, or 27,000,000 gallons. This enormous mass of sewage is conveyed to the pumps by means of triple culverts, which, to save the expense of separate foundations, are built over each other. It may be supposed that the machinery required for pumping so large a quantity of sewage must be of considerable power, and the four double-action condensing engines provided for this purpose are nominally equal to 500 horses. Each engine works two single-

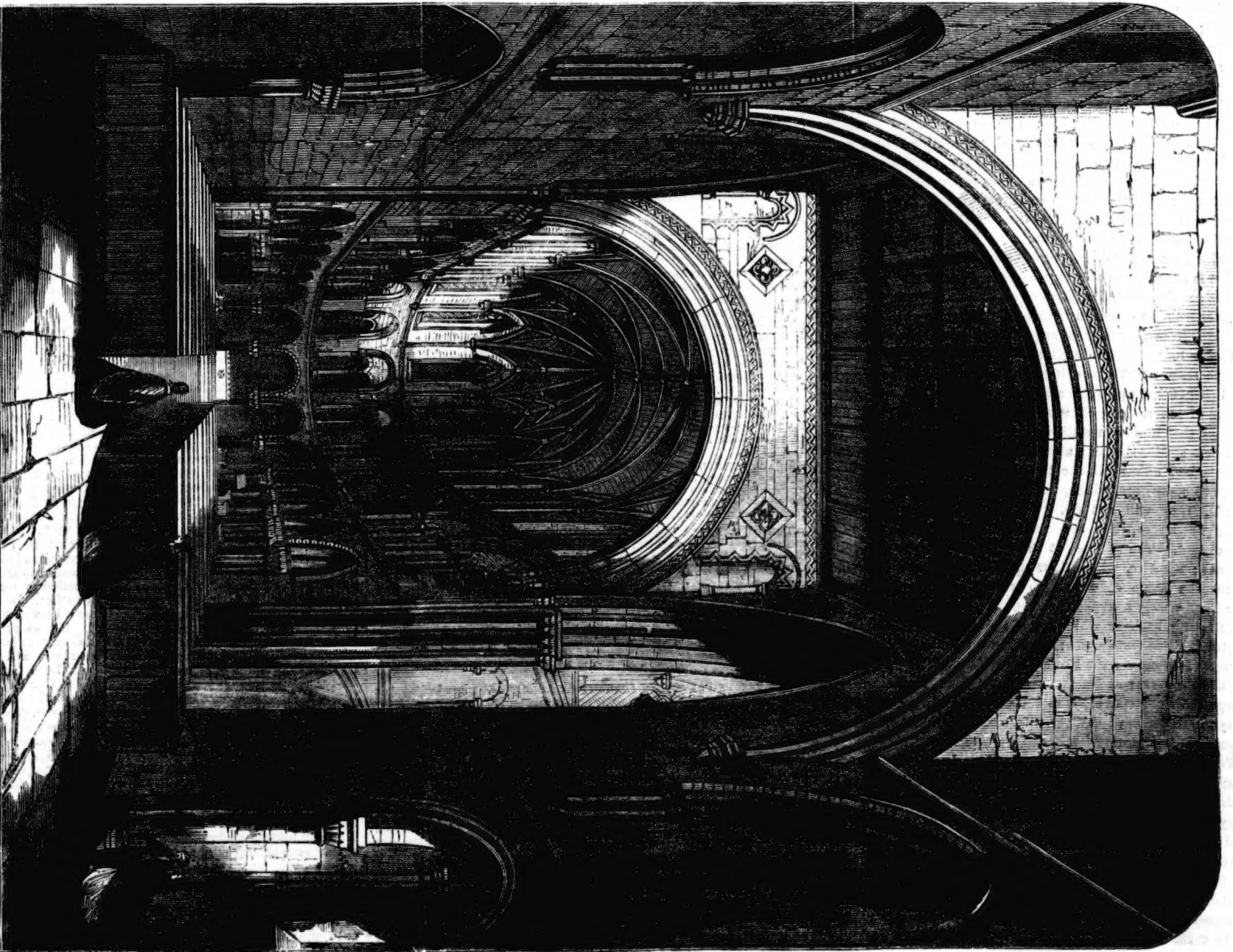


THE PUMPING-STATION, AT CROSSNESS, OF THE SOUTHERN OUTFALL SEWER

INTERIOR OF AUSTINIAN CHURCH, AS RESTORED.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, AS RESTORED—SEE PAGE 67



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LOCAL MANAGEMENT AND LOCAL MUDDLING.

THERE must have been pure streams in England once, or poets sing untruly. The "silver Thames," we suppose, was a correct designation at one time; but that was long ago. There is not much silveriness about the metropolitan river nowadays; and the same is true of almost every stream in the country. There may be "saumons" in the Wey now, as in the days of Fluellen; but, if so, it is only because there are no towns and no manufactories on its margin. We are making our rivers so foul that fish cannot exist in their waters nor men live healthily on their banks. The efforts of Mr. Frank Buckland and the Piscicultural Society to restock the rivers of Great Britain with fish, are of no avail so long as we continue to pour the sewage of our towns and cities into them. Nor is it of much use for one place to endeavour to keep the streams pure, if all do not concur. For instance, the metropolis has been for some years engaged in the construction of a mighty system of main-drainage with the view of carrying the sewage away from the City, and thereby purifying the Thames, and has expended about three millions of pounds sterling on the work; but it seems it is all in vain, or nearly so; for the towns higher up the stream are pouring their sewage into it, and Londoners have no power to stop them. There are about fifty-three towns and villages, with a population of upwards of 800,000 persons, in the valley of the Thames above London, the sewage of several of which is thrown into the river, and the mischief is continually becoming greater. Abingdon, Wallingford, Reading, Windsor, Eton, Walton-on-Thames, Richmond, Brentford, and other places are obtaining powers to do the same, and the result must be that the river will still remain foul, and the millions expended in carrying the sewage of London to Barking and Erith be in a great measure thrown away. London is thus not only condemned to have a foul and noisome stream flowing through it, but her sources of water-supply are poisoned and the health of her people seriously impaired. This is done by virtue of powers obtained under the Act for constituting local boards of health; and the members of these local boards, being under no general control, consider only what is most convenient for their own districts, without caring for the consequences to others. Could any absurdity be greater than this? We in England have a great (and, we think, a most ignorant) impatience of centralisation; and prefer "local management," which generally means local "muddling," to a well-devised system of general action, under the control of a central authority. Centralisation may be productive of mischief sometimes; but greater and more permanent evils are produced by local government and the consulting of merely local interests, as is proved by the facts we have stated regarding the Thames and the discharge of sewage into it.

Nor is London the only city, and the Thames the only river, in this predicament. The streams of Lancashire and Yorkshire are, according to Mr. Rawlinson, the Government inspector, "fouled from source to estuary." The Irwell, Medlock, Irk, and the Bridgewater Canal, are even more offensive from sewage than the Thames itself. The beds of some streams are being filled up with ashes and other refuse, and on the waters of others there continually floats a scum of black filth so thick that birds can walk upon it. Such is the state of the Medlock at Manchester; and it is of no use trying to rectify the mischief unless all the towns on a river's bank are compelled to co-operate, which, under the present system of local boards, they will not do. We might extend the catalogue of rivers that are polluted by town sewage to any extent. The Clyde at Glasgow is worse than the Thames; the Aire, which flows through Leeds and Bradford, is in the same condition as the Medlock; the Avon, near Bath, nearly a stagnant stream, is poisoned with sewage; the floating harbour which runs through the old town of Bristol is quite pestiferous; the Tone is made noisome by the sewage of Taunton; the Frome is so foul that cattle will not drink its waters; at Exmouth and Brighton the sewers discharge their contents close to the public bathing-places; and everywhere we have the same tale of filth and foulness—of impure air and poisoned water.

We have gathered these from among a host of other facts detailed in the report on sewage just issued under the authority of Government. In this document it is further stated that in many instances the nuisances are created by members of the local boards—by the very parties, in fact, whose duty it is to prevent them. Is it to be expected, then, that the evil will be rectified by the agency of these local boards? Decidedly not. On the contrary, it will go on increasing till a remedy is next to impossible. Action must be taken in the matter at once, by the creation of a central authority with power to deal with

this matter upon a comprehensive general plan, and to compel respect for the regulations promulgated. We want, in fact, to have a Minister of Public Health appointed, or some existing department intrusted with powers sufficient to deal effectively with this most vital question. The duties of the Home Secretary are not now so onerous as they once were, and there is nothing to hinder the department presided over by Sir George Grey from undertaking this work. A general Act of Parliament, conferring the necessary powers and suspending the action of all local boards in the mean time, could be passed in the approaching Session; while a commission of competent scientific men appointed to consider the best means of disposing of town sewage would ere long devise a plan that could be made applicable to all parts of the country.

The application of sewage to the land is at present occupying much of the attention of chemists, engineers, and agriculturists, and it is generally agreed that to throw it into our rivers is not only hurtful, but wasteful. We are fouling and destroying our rivers and robbing the soil of a most valuable fertilising agent at one and the same time. Why should this folly be persevered in? That the sewage can be profitably applied to the land is proved by the experience of Edinburgh, Carlisle, and Croydon, where it is found to be exceedingly advantageous; and that other towns could apply their sewage also to advantage, is evidenced by the fact that half a dozen parties are eagerly contending for the privilege of dealing with that of the metropolis. The best way of applying it to the soil may yet be a matter for consideration; but that it can be applied, and profitably too, is beyond dispute. Dirt, according to Lord Palmerston, is only matter in the wrong place. Sewage in our rivers is emphatically matter in the wrong place, and therefore deleterious; while on our fields it would be in the right place, and beneficial. Let us have done with local muddling, and set ourselves earnestly to the task of rightly disposing of our sewage, and we shall thereby secure two very great blessings—namely, pure streams and fertile fields.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has issued an order that all those in her Majesty's service who were in front of Lucknow in 1857 are to be granted one year's service and pay.

THE POET LAUREATE is a candidate for election to the Royal Society.

THE HON. F. A. STANLEY, son of the Earl of Derby, has accepted a requisition from 1600 electors of Preston to become a candidate for that borough at the ensuing general election. His return is considered certain.

GENERAL MCLELLAN is about to visit Europe, where he will remain for two years.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER has been committed to the flames by the people of Palermo.

MAJOR GORDON, of Chinese fame, has returned to England in impaired health.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION between England and India was completed on the 17th ult.

THE CITY OF HONG-KONG, CHINA, is now lighted with gas.

THE PAY OF CARDINAL D'ANDREA has been stopped by the Papal Government, because the Cardinal will not go to Rome for it.

THE BARON DE BAZANCOURT, the historian of the wars in the Crimea and in Italy, died on Wednesday, after a short illness.

THE ADDRESS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, in answer to the Queen's Speech, will be moved by the Duke of Cleveland and seconded by the Earl of Charlemont. The Address of the House of Commons will be moved by Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., and seconded by the Hon. Hanbury Tracy.

THE SULTAN, according to the *France*, has given orders for the translation into the Turkish language of the Emperor Napoleon's "History of Cesar."

COLONEL MCMURDO's appointment as Inspector-General of Volunteers having terminated, he has been gazetted Honorary Colonel of the Inns of Court volunteers.

A FRENCH OFFICIAL has been sent to the Imaum of Muscat, with the object of preventing the cession of the island of Zanzibar to England.

MR. W. LEE, who was for many years a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours (New Society of Painters in Water Colours), died on the 22nd ult., aged fifty-five.

MR. MASSEY, M.P. for Salford and Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, has been appointed to succeed Sir Charles Trevelyan as Finance Minister of India. Sir Charles is compelled, by the state of his health, to return to England. Mr. Massey will be made a Privy Councillor before his departure.

THE AMOUNT OF ABSINTHE DRUNK IN PARIS, with fatal effect on intellect and nerves, is hardly to be calculated. Switzerland alone sent last year 7,500,000 gallons to Paris.

"HENRI QUATRE ET SA POLITIQUE" is said to be the title of a book which will be published immediately after the appearance of the "Histoire de Cesar" by the Emperor Napoleon.

THERE ARE NOW 264 post towns in the United Kingdom which send a day mail to London, seventy-three towns which send three day mails to London, fifteen towns which send four day mails, and six which send five day mails.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, it is understood, is determined again to devote himself to African discovery, and he is now planning an exploring expedition from the East Coast of Africa to the district lying between his most northern point on Lake Nyassa and Burton and Speke's southernmost on Lake Tanganyika.

REAR-ADMIRAL PORTER's share of the proceeds of captured cotton-blockade runners, &c., since he assumed command of the North Atlantic blockading squadron is said to amount to 200,000 dols. Over 35,000 bales of cotton have been captured, worth 1,500,000 dols. The total value of the captures by his squadron since August last is over 2,000,000 dols.

THE "OIL FEVER" has extended to Mexico. Castillo, one of the best mineralogists of the country, has discovered petroleum in Guadalupe, distant only one league from the city of Mexico, in Otapan, and in San Cristobal, near the brook of Amnesquite, in the municipality of Minatitlan.

THE COMMERCIAL GASLIGHT COMPANY, STEPNEY, have issued a notice to their consumers in the eastern part of the metropolis that, from and after the 31st of March next, the price of gas will be reduced from 4s. 6d. to 4s. per 1000 cubic feet.

A PHOTOGRAPHER who has been employed by the Dutch Government to take views of the most beautiful points on the island of Java has discovered an entire city buried beneath the lava of a volcano close by, which has been extinct for several centuries.

THE ROMAN PONTIFICAL ACADEMY OF ARCHEOLOGY has decided that the colossal statue of Hercules in gilt bronze, discovered in the ruins of the theatre at Pompeii, shall henceforth adorn the Vatican, and bear the name of the Erculeo del Mastai, in memory of Pius IX.

TURPENTINE PUNCH is a popular remedy in the wards of the Meath Hospital. It is of especial service in the low stages of fever, and the following are the ingredients which enter into its composition:—An ounce of turpentine, two ounces of brandy, eight ounces of boiling water, and sugar sufficient to sweeten. Half this should be taken for a dose, to be repeated, if necessary, every third hour.

THE STRAND MUSIC-HALL COMPANY, which has had such a short existence, was before the Master of the Rolls on Saturday last. It is said that the debts and liabilities of the company far exceed their assets, and that there are creditors holding securities which more than cover all the resources of the firm. Of course, under these circumstances, the unsecured creditors will get nothing.

A POLISH PRINCE was attacked in the streets of Rome a few evenings ago by footpads. The Prince happened to be armed with a pair of knuckle-dusters, with which he replied victoriously to the summons to "stand and deliver." He knocked down one robber, smashed the second's front teeth, and only received a slight dagger wound in the thigh from the third.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

ALL who were not in the secret were startled by the announcement that Mr. Massey had accepted the office of Financial Minister for India, *vice* Sir Charles Trevelyan, who is obliged to resign and come home to recruit his health. Mr. Massey was Under Secretary for the Home Department from August, 1855, till March, 1858, and was elected Chairman of Ways and Means in 1859. It was pretty well understood that Mr. Massey was one of those members who, as the phrase is, "go in for office," but nobody dreamed of his going to India. It has been asked what special fitness he has for the performance of the duties of Financial Secretary. As far as I know, he has shown none; but certainly he is the best Chairman of Committees that the House has had for many years. His performance of the different duties of this office was simply faultless; and I have often noticed that a man who can perform the difficult duties of one position well can do well almost anything, within a certain range, which he chooses to undertake. I suspect that Mr. Massey will make a very good Financial Minister. Mr. Massey's profession is that of a lawyer. He was called to the Bar in 1844, and made Recorder of Portsmouth in 1852. This is the fourth Indian Financial Minister since the abolition of the old East India Company. Mr. Wilson fell a victim to the climate and hard work; Mr. Laing escaped with his life, and hardly; and now Sir Charles Trevelyan is hors de combat. Some think that Mr. Massey is too old to undertake the place. He is in his fifty-sixth year.

And now, who will be the new Chairman of Ways and Means? I have looked round, and can see no qualified man but Mr. Bouvier, who was chairman from April, 1853, till March, 1855. It is questionable, however, whether he would accept it. The duties of this office are very heavy during the Session; for, besides having to preside over all Committees of the whole House, the chairman has, in conjunction with Mr. Speaker's counsel, to examine all private bills, whether opposed or unopposed. The chairman is elected, at the beginning of every new Parliament, by the Committee of Supply, if no difference of opinion arise; but if any difference arise, Mr. Speaker resumes the chair, and the election is made by the House. When once elected, the chairman may continue in office till the end of the Parliament. His salary is £1500 a year.

Sir Robert Peel will have to scramble through the next Session with no Irish law officer to prompt him; for Mr. O'Hagan has got a judgeship, and Mr. Lawson, his successor, cannot get a seat. Mr. O'Hagan has been very fortunate. He set sail for the Bench in 1860, when he was appointed Solicitor-General, and, after an easy voyage, he has arrived in port. Mr. Lawson, though he cannot get a seat, will be in attendance, under the gallery, whither Sir Robert can, when at fault, run for advice. Sir Robert has been in this case before; for Mr. O'Hagan was Attorney-General two years before he could find a constituency that would send him to Parliament. A seat in Parliament is a capital speculation for Irish barristers. Within the last ten years five men have been raised from the House to the Bench, and the salaries, as compared with the earnings of Irish barristers, are exceedingly good. They seem to vary from year to year. But, except the landed estates' Judges, who are paid £2500 a year, none of the Judges take less than £3500; whilst the Lord Chancellor has £8000; the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in 1863, had £5074 9s. 4d.; and the Chief Justices of the Court of Common Pleas and the Exchequer each £4612 18s. 8d. These judgeships are considered great prizes in Ireland, and no wonder, for very few Irish barristers earn more than £2000 a year. Indeed, I may say very few earn half so much. There was a gentleman some years ago raised to the Bench who, I suspect, earned very little, was, indeed, almost out at elbows—as we say. It was a great day to his tradesmen when he was raised to the Bench. He made, however, a capital Judge.

For twelve years and more Mr. Maguire has represented the snug little borough of Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, with its population of 1850 souls and its 280 registered electors; but now, it appears, Mr. Maguire and Dungarvan must be divorced; not because Mr. Maguire is dissatisfied with Dungarvan, or that Dungarvan is tired of Mr. Maguire, but because the potent Duke of Devonshire, who is paramount at Dungarvan, wants to get one of his sons into Parliament. But will Mr. Maguire be out of Parliament? One would hope not; for he is one of the best of the Irish members, and, if the Irish Roman Catholics are wise, and wish their interests to be wisely, eloquently, honestly, and temperately advocated in Parliament, they will secure a seat for Mr. Maguire. Naturally, the hon. gentleman would like to represent Cork. It is his native city; he has more than once been its chief magistrate; and is, or ought to be, highly popular there. Well, there is hope that he may be elected for Cork. Old Dr. Lyons, who was returned in 1859, is tired of the honour, and proposes to resign, would resign directly if he were to follow his own inclination; but this would not suit Mr. Maguire, as in that case he must either give up Dungarvan to stand for Cork, or let some one else get in for Cork whom Mr. Maguire would find a difficulty in disturbing at the general election. Let us hope that the worthy doctor will hold on to his seat for another Session, and if he cannot attend Cork will not suffer much, for Mr. Beamish will be there; and Mr. Maguire, who, though he is the member for Dungarvan, has always taken care of the interests of Cork.

I have never in this column mentioned the great railway question—the question whether the Government shall buy up all the English railways. I have been silent on the subject simply because I never believed that the Government could entertain for a moment an idea of carrying out so absurd a scheme. But, to my surprise, I have lately learned that there are people who believe that the subject has been seriously discussed in the Cabinet, and that the thing will be attempted. Mind you, I do not believe this. My opinion is that the members of her Majesty's Government are sane men. I have heard of no signs of insanity amongst them. But if the Government should launch the proposal in Parliament, depend upon it its rule will speedily end. After such an exhibition of madness, it will be impossible to trust it longer with the reins of Government. Place all the railways of England in the hands of Government! Why, you would at once make Parliamentary representation a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Mr. Watkin, the chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, in an able and exhaustive speech upon this subject, tells us that the price of all these railways would be £400,000,000 and more; that the money which the Government would have to disburse in salaries and wages would amount to £12,000,000 a year; and that the number of employes connected with railways is 250,000. But this is not all—perhaps not more than half—which it is necessary that we should know before we assent to such a proposition. The whole of the earnings of the railways would be dispensed by the Government in some way or other. In short, "the Venetian oligarchy" of Disraeli's novel would be a reality, and the Prime Minister would be the Doge thereof. But we need not fear. If the Government be insane, the House of Commons is not.

Five new members elected during the recess will make their appearance in the House next week—to wit, Lord Courtenay, for Exeter, *vice* Edward Divett, deceased; the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie, for Hastings, *vice* Lord Harry Vane, now Duke of Cleveland; William Morris, for Carmarthen, *vice* David Morris, deceased; Lord Augustus Charles Harvey, for West Suffolk, *vice* Lord Jermyn, now Marquis of Bristol; William Davenport, for Bromley, *vice* Richard Spooner. There are three vacancies—Buteshire, Tralee, and Salford. Lord Robert Montagu has thought of the proposition for an ecclesiastical court of appeal, and will have none of it. "The fact that the Bishops are outnumbered by the laity in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council" he regards "as a guarantee for the freedom of Churchmen from the thralldom of dogmatical ecclesiastics." Well and bravely spoken, Lord Robert; and, from certain ominous sounds, more or less distinct, which have come to my ears, I judge there will be a very strong body of Conservatives ranked against Disraeli if he should fulfil his promise made to the clergy. But will he redeem his pledge? I doubt it. I venture to think that he has already heard the mutterings of the coming storm, and has begun to consider how he shall wriggle out of his perplexity. And I do not suppose that he has found much difficulty in discovering a way

to escape. He will pursue his old plan—deliver a long, mysterious, unintelligible, unanswerable—unanswerable because unintelligible—speech, in which he will obfuscate the question—envelop it and himself in a fog, in short—and then, silently vanish. I have seen him perform this clever trick many times. The Government will, I am told, have nothing to do with the question, except to oppose with all its strength all proposals for change.

I was present on the 26th of last month at a very pleasant conversation, held at the "Réunion des Arts," in Harley-street, for the purpose of distributing the prizes given by Messrs. Fuller for the best designs sent in to the Exhibition of Illuminations, noticed in your columns some weeks ago. The proceedings opened with some singing and music by various artists, who generously gave their services, which were thoroughly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience. The two prizes for the best illumination illustrating the text, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom," were awarded to Mrs. Lindsey and Miss Barker for two very original and pleasing designs. A third prize, for the best illumination in a general competition, was presented to Mrs. Gonne, of Dublin, for a most artistic illumination of Longfellow's poem, "The Reaper and the Flowers." Speeches and votes of thanks to the gentlemen who have exerted themselves on behalf of this excellent scheme for the encouragement and employment of female labour followed, and the proceedings were finally wound up with the second part of the musical entertainment.

The annual ball of the Club of True Highlanders (Comunn nam fìor Ghael) is announced to take place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday, the 6th inst. Although no Highlander, and decidedly in favour of black doekins rather than plaided kilt for evening costume, I have often received a pleasant welcome at the meetings of this club. The ball is a wonderful thing in its way, and certainly the most picturesque réunion in London. The piper playing a "skirl" while marching round the room to form the guests into a procession to supper is a grand affair. So is the enthusiasm displayed by the Gaels while drinking loyal and patriotic toasts to cries of "Susa! Shousa! Nicht!" (I give the words from memory and by ear only, and my Gaelic may probably be incorrect.) The meaning of these cries is, "To the east with it—to the west—everywhere." In delivering these shouts, the true Highlanders spring upon their chairs, and each places one foot upon the table. This ancient custom, curious and wild as it may appear to Southerners, is founded upon a high respect for propriety. No intoxicated person can drink a health in this way, for anyone not in a fit state to continue in society would certainly fall below the table if he attempted the feat.

Messrs. John and Charles Watkins, the well-known photographers of Parliament-street, have just taken an excellent likeness of Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne—a nobleman better known by the simple initials "S. G. O.," under which signature he has frequently advocated measures of great social importance, than by the title which he inherits, although that title is a distinguished one.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

In *Blackwood*, the new story, "Miss Marjoribanks," carries us back to Carlingford once more; and I, for one, am not unwilling to revisit the neighbourhood. Nor do I object to some more about public schools, so I read "Etoniana" with gratification. But, in spite of the other articles, which are amusing, *Blackwood* is a little "same." Can't you change the dishes a bit, Mr. Ebony? Mr. Cornelius O'Dowd is, this time, very simple-hearted, dear man! What do you think he says of the House of Commons?—"One cannot conceive a place, except it be the playground of a great school, where fair play is so sure to be the rule and practice. It is the one spot on earth where the weak cannot be browbeaten and the strong cannot be a tyrant. It is the only arena the world has ever witnessed wherein right-mindedness has obtained the force of talent, and mere honesty can hold its own against any odds in ability." This is so impudent that if anybody but O'Dowd had said it I should have thought it was a joke. Perhaps it is. I know something of the playgrounds of public schools, and something of the House of Commons, and am of opinion that they are alike spheres in which bullying, cajoling, and ignoble impulses in general get the best of it. As to the House of Commons, the conflict of public criticism does indeed bring out some sort of feeble imitation of rough justice. But that is another pair of shoes. The "arena" itself is just like any other "arena" of worldly-minded people. *Blackwood* has begun, in this number, a review of Mr. Gladstone's career—which is, of course, not a flattering review. It takes him up in the nursery, and dogs his heels up to 1851, carefully insisting on his "irritable temper." No doubt he is irritable—in that "arena" of right-mindedness, the House of Commons. The Apostle Paul was enabled to "suffer fools gladly"—taking it as part of his life of martyrdom; but you can't expect a Chancellor of the Exchequer to have the spirit of a martyr. The sentence with which the Gladstone paper concludes is very neatly turned:—"Having spoken and voted for the Committee in 1850, in 1851 he took no part either in the debate or in the division; in fact, he was at that time absent from England." Such is the depravity of human nature, that Mr. Gladstone, being out of the country, was not in his place in the House of Commons! With this damaging left-hander, the reviewer concludes his first round. Such a wordy, evasive, and despairingly illogical paper, I think, I never read. "Uriah Heep, himself," says the writer, "could not be more indifferent to what the world might think of him. With that celebrated moralist, he might have exclaimed, before he sat down, 'I like to be despised.' How a man who likes to be despised can be indifferent to opinion, is a nut which this ingenious artist may crack if he chooses—I can't do it myself. Here, again, is a beautiful morsel:—"If this be not Gladstonianism of the purest kind, we really do not understand the meaning of the term." Really, now, don't you? "Gladstonianism of the purest kind." It is a luminous phrase! Who will communicate "the meaning of the term?" Walter Savage Landor said, when the critics attacked him, that he would stand a breakfast of stout and hot buttered rolls to any one of them who would write an "Imaginary Conversation" as good as his own. Probably Mr. Gladstone would not object to stand such a breakfast to any casuist who would disclose "the meaning of the term."

In the *Cornhill* of this month, the "Armada" of Mr. Wilkie Collins is very bad. But "Tid's Old Red Rag of a Shawl" is a little gem of a story. And the paper on "University Life" is honestly entertaining, as well as informing. I only wish editors of magazines would keep a sharper look-out for such articles, instead of inserting so much mere caricature which disguises instead of presenting fact. Who will not guess at once the pen from which comes the happy article on "Bohemians?" and who will fail to recognise, under their pseudonyms, the late Robert Brough and the late J. G. Edgar? Some of the University anecdotes are very amusing, and I quote two of them:—

THE DONS AND THE YOUNG MEN.

The commensal arrangements in college consist of a kitchen and buttery, where eatables are served out at fixed hours. There is a very absurd punishment termed "crossing a man at the buttery," which means that a cross is set against his name to prohibit the butler from serving him. The effect of this is merely to put his acquaintance, or very often those who are not his acquaintance, to the expense of feeding him, as what he requires is procured in their names. There is a story of a man being crossed by a very innocent old Don, and the culprit (who experienced no sort of inconvenience from the supposed disability) neglecting for several days to beg that the cross might be removed. This, however, he at last took occasion to do, after having concluded a very substantial luncheon. The old Don no sooner heard the petition than, persuaded that the man must be starving, he rushed towards him, exclaiming, "Unfortunate young man! Sit down here this instant! Not a word; not a word!" (as the unhappy undergraduate endeavoured to excuse himself from the cold mutton). "Eat, eat at once!" And to eat he was compelled.

Some "Dons" are hospitably inclined to undergraduates, and entertain very agreeably. Of course there is at times a considerable degree of awe infused into these hospitalities. We think it was at the late Dr. Gaisford's that some shy youth, when the ladies rose, rushed to open the door, and,

standing well behind it, did not discover it was the door of a cupboard until he heard himself summoned by the Dean's awful voice, when the ladies had disappeared.

London Society is not at all bad; but, with my eye upon one of the articles contained in the present number, let it be permitted to me to observe that Shakespeare did not say life was "a tale told by an idiot." He put those words into the mouth of Macbeth in the moment of his supreme despair, which is quite another thing. This particular instance is a small affair; but I do most earnestly beg the reader's attention to the general question which I now raise. These are days in which reckless inaccuracy of quotation is common enough; but that is not the worst. We are constantly finding great names quoted as authorities for sentiments which the owners of the names would be, or would have been, the last to adopt. The other day I saw the following:—"Youth," as Longfellow says,

Discerns but slowly,
The things that are holy and unholy.

But really Longfellow does not say anything of the kind. The sentiment is dead in the teeth of Longfellow's view of life, and is simply put by him into the mouth of the Abbess Irmingard. Tennyson has been as much sinned against in this respect as any man living. If all the opinions attributed to Tennyson by quotation of phrases which occur dramatically in his various writings were really held by him, all I can say is, that he would be a lunatic; for they are often as opposite as light and darkness. When the sentiment is spoken dramatically, the proper course is to express as much, as thus:—"King Arthur, in Mr. Tennyson's 'Idyll of Guinevere,' says" so-and-so. This is fair to the author and fair to the reader; but the other course has, too often, all the effect of dishonesty.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

To those given to the study of dramatic literature, the fact of Sheridan Knowles's play of "The Hunchback" being considered in the light of a modern classic has always been a marvel. It is in five long, weary acts. It is without construction. For story, "Lord bless you, it has none to tell, Sir." There is not a single incident in any of the five acts but the last, and that one of the most melodramatic improbability. And as for the language, the beauties are so few and far between that they can be mentioned. The lover speaks one pretty speech to his mistress, and the Hunchback utters two good similes. The rest is sham Elizabethan, sham poetry, and sham verse. "Sir, brill would be turbot if it could," said Dr. Johnson. Sheridan Knowles's lines would be Shakespearean if they could. Unluckily, the liberal sprinkling of the words "Marry! forsooth!" "An' if it please you," over poor prose, set up in type to look like poetry, atones but poorly for the absence of ideas clearly and forcibly expressed. How, then, is it that "The Hunchback" still holds its ground, and is regarded with a sort of superstitious reverence by all playgoers above forty years of age, and actors and actresses of every degree? The question is easily answered. Tradition has declared* that all great dramatic works shall be in five acts and in five acts only; and many worthy, weak-minded folks think that a play in five acts is instructive, whereas in a lesser number it is only amusing. The same good people believe that every line in type commencing with a capital letter is poetry of the purest water, and are fond of having their English broken up—or, as it were, masticated—for them.

I am going this way

is but paltry prose, for it expresses what it means clearly; but

Going this way am I,

or,

This way I going am,

or,

This way going am I,

or any other absurd misplacing of a clear sentence is verse—blank-verse of four-and-twenty Elizabethan-dramatist power. But the real reason for the retention of so poor a play in the theatrical repertoire is, that it contains a female character which is an admirable vehicle for tender, impassioned, and forcible acting. Julia is a creation. In the first act she is a simple, artless girl; in the second, a fine town lady; in the third, an imperious self-torturer; in the fourth, a crushed and blighted sufferer; and, in the fifth, a desperate, goaded woman. Here, then, is an opportunity for the display of versatility such as is offered in no other part; indeed, it is a pity that so bright a diamond should be set in fustian. The remainder of the dramatic personae, with the exception of Helen and Modus, whose counterparts may be found in several old comedies, are colourless and lifeless. Julia was originally played by Miss Fanny Kemble. The genius of Mrs. Charles Kean, Miss Helen Faucit, and Miss Vandenhoff have since made the play a favourite. On Monday it was revived at the Adelphi for the purpose of introducing Miss Bateman—whose performance of Leah has made so strong an impression—in what is called the legitimate drama. Miss Bateman's first entrance was hailed with enthusiasm, both by her personal friends and by the general public; and, indeed, apart from the young lady's talents, so charming a personal appearance would have elicited admiration anywhere but in the kingdom of the blind. She looked natural, fresh, and delicate as a lily; the sort of flower that a jealous father would guard carefully for the home parterre. In the first act Miss Bateman played with mingled naïveté and simplicity. Later in the piece the accustomed points, the famous "Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" and "Do it—nor leave the task to me!" were given with their full force and fervour; still the play is heavy, and it may be doubted if the genius of an O'Neil could restore its vitality, or make it popular. At the end of the fourth act Miss Bateman was called for, and she received a similar compliment at the fall of the curtain.

Mr. Swinburne played Master Walter in the conventional, sonorous manner. He attempted no new "points," but contented himself by following the beaten path of his predecessors. The same remarks will apply to the Sir Thomas Clifford of Mr. Jordan. Unqualified praise may be given to Mr. Toole as Fathom. How so much fun could be extracted from so poor a part is Mr. Toole's own secret. Mr. Billington is the very best Modus the public has seen. Miss Henrietta Simms, as Helen, may also be mentioned in terms of commendation. But here occurs a question. Why on earth was not the part of Helen given to Mrs. Alfred Mellon? She and Mrs. Howard Paul are acknowledged to be the best Helens on the stage. Why Mrs. Mellon, who is a member of the Adelphi company (imagine the Adelphi without her!), should be shelved in favour of a young lady, who is a very charming actress in the characters usually assigned to her, both the worlds behind and before the footlights are at a loss to understand.

The new scenery was the exact reverse of effective; indeed, in this department the Adelphi by no means excels. The exteriors were dull, and the interiors looked red—"nay, very red."

At DRURY LANE, a compressed version of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." now precedes the pantomime. The appearance of Mr. Pielps as Cardinal Wolsey was hailed with rapture by the audience. Mr. Walter Lacy as the lusty monarch, Miss Atkinson as the injured Queen, and Mr. Henry Marston as the Duke of Buckingham, worthily shared the labours and the honours of this latest Shakespearean revival.

Time will not permit me to say more than that the complimentary benefit to Mr. Paul Bedford at Drury Lane on Thursday last was a perfect success. I will give an account of it in your next number.

The story of the destruction of the SURREY THEATRE will be told in another portion of your columns. There is an odd mingling of the heroic and grotesque in the clown, and the sprite, and the harlequin rescuing women and children engaged in the theatre. The stage manager, Mr. Green, acted with great discretion. Indeed, everybody behaved admirably. How is it that theatres are generally burnt down? They seldom are pulled down, or fall down; they

* These words are written advisedly—"Tradition has declared." Nothing else and nobody else ever declared. There is no reason that it should be so. It is tradition and tradition only.

usually perish in a blaze to the sound of pumps. There must be some cause for this. Can no scientific man furnish us with the reason why?

DESTRUCTION OF THE SURREY THEATRE BY FIRE.

THE Surrey Theatre, in the Blackfriars-road, the favourite house on the south side of the water, was totally destroyed by fire at a late hour on Monday night. At about twenty minutes to twelve the last scene in the pantomime of "Richard Cœur de Lion" was being played, and Rowella, the clown, had just begun his performance of a burlesque solo on the trombone, when, happening to cast his eyes up to the ceiling of the theatre, he saw a strong light reflected through the aperture over the chandelier. At once suspecting there was a fire, with great presence of mind he left the stage quietly and communicated his suspicions to Mr. Green, the acting manager, who at once dispatched some of the stage carpenters to see what was the matter; but at the same moment some of the audience were alarmed by the body of smoke descending through the above-named aperture, and the cry of fire was at once raised. Mr. Green rushed on the stage and implored the people to leave the house quietly, and the curtain was at once lowered. Fortunately the audience, which had been by no means numerous during the evening, was at that time exceedingly scanty, and the house was speedily cleared without any accident occurring. At the time the last persons were leaving the flame burst out with great fury through the ceiling, composed of thin laths and painted canvas, and in an incredibly short space of time extended both ways, catching the drapery hanging round the boxes and the proscenium and stage curtains, from which it at once extended to the scenery, and the whole stage became a mass of flame. The scene on the stage and in the dressing-rooms of the theatre at this time was almost indescribable, the numerous actors and actresses who had been engaged in the pantomime running about in the greatest confusion, and the screams of the ballet-girls were most heartrending. To add to the horrors of the scene, the gas superintendent of the building, to avoid explosion, had turned off the gas in the theatre, the back portion of which was thus for some time left in total darkness. Had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by Mr. Green, Mr. Rowella, the clown; Mr. Evans, the pantaloon; Mr. Vivian, the sprite; and some others of the pantomimists, the loss of life behind the scenes would have been dreadful. These individuals, at the risk of their own lives, dragged the screaming and terrified females through the burning scenery to the stage door, whence they were conveyed to their homes in a half-naked and fainting state. The last persons brought out of the burning theatre were several young children who had been representing the characters of fairies in the transformation scene. Messrs. Rowella and Vivian, having reported to the stage manager that all persons had been safely got out of the theatre, then made their own escape, dressed as they had been while playing their respective parts, no persons engaged in the pantomime having had time to change their dress, so rapid was the progress of the fire; for in less than ten minutes from the first alarm the whole interior of the theatre was one mass of flame.

While the above scene was taking place inside, the greatest excitement existed in the neighbourhood of the theatre. Crowds of people, attracted by the reflection of the flames, which, shooting up into the air, illuminated the sky for miles around, came rushing from all quarters, and cabs loaded with people were being driven to the scene from all directions. Within ten minutes of the alarm being given a strong body of police arrived on the ground, and by dint of great exertions cleared a sufficient space for the engines, several of which, both steam and manual, had by that time arrived. So rapid, however, had been the progress of the flames, that before any of the engines could be brought into play the whole interior of the theatre was completely burnt out, the roof, galleries, and boxes falling in rapid succession, nothing being left standing of the building but the portico and front wall facing the Blackfriars-road. Several small houses in the rear of the theatre, occupied by poor people, had also by this time fallen a prey to the flames, the inmates barely escaping with their lives. The theatre was bounded on the north side by the Flowers of the Forest Tavern, and on the south by the Equestrian Tavern. Both these houses being in imminent danger, the attention of the firemen was directed to save them if possible, and we are glad to say that in this they were successful. For at least a quarter of a mile round the streets were strewn with the burning embers from the theatre, and several persons were severely burned by the large flakes of fire which fell upon them. So intense was the heat that the fronts of the houses on the opposite side of Blackfriars-road, facing the theatre were much scorched, and the woodwork was only kept from igniting by copious streams of water being played upon it from engines specially detailed for that purpose. About one o'clock, Mr. Shepherd, one of the lessees of the theatre, arrived at the scene of destruction, and expressed in strong terms his gratitude for no lives being lost.

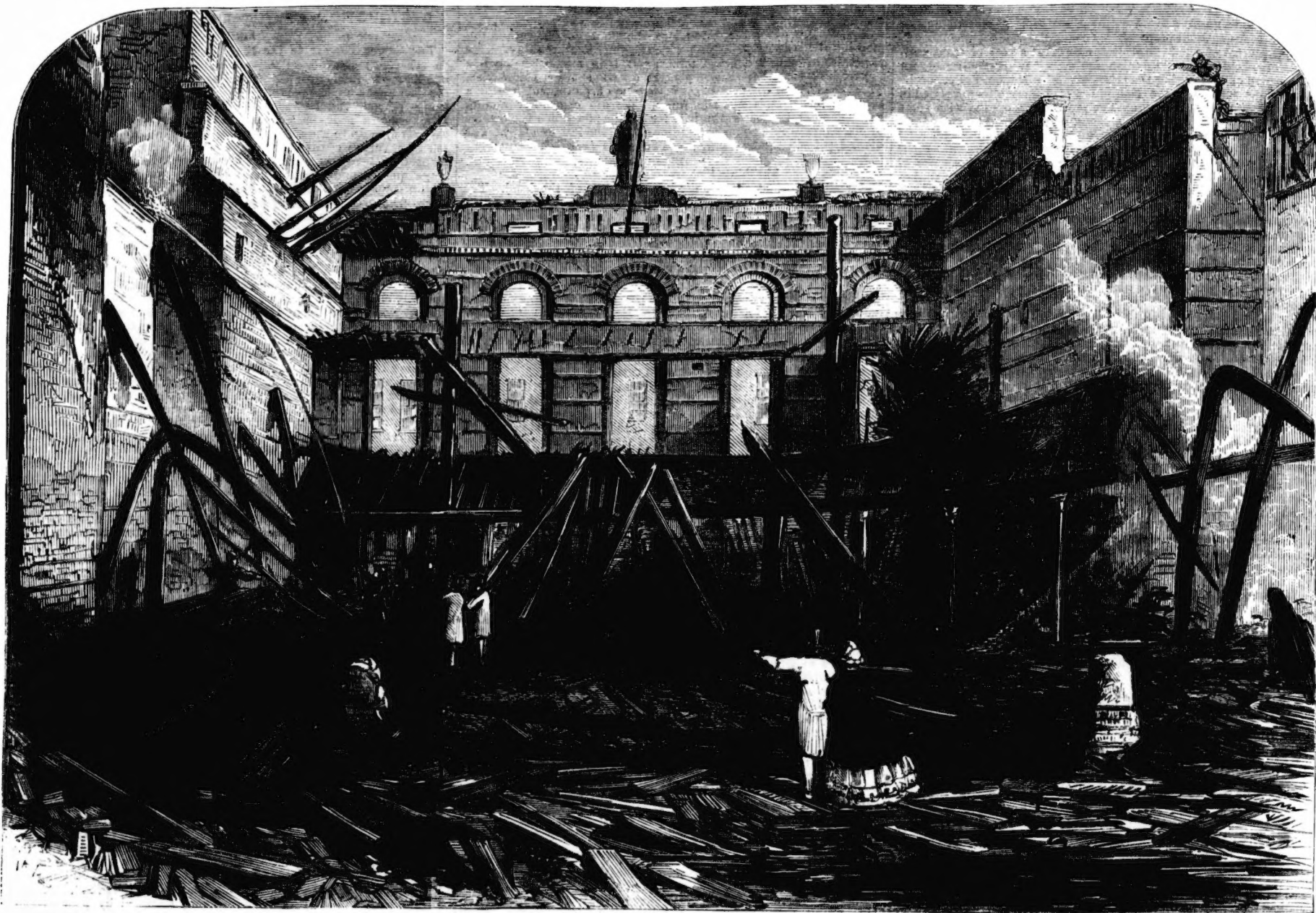
So rapid was the fire that not a vestige of anything belonging to or in the theatre was saved from destruction. Great commiseration was expressed by those present for the lessees of the theatre, who, although insured to some extent, will be very severe losers. At least 300 persons will also be thrown out of employment at a season when there is little opportunity of obtaining any other engagement.

Few fires have more completely destroyed the premises in which they have occurred than that at the Surrey on Monday night. There is literally nothing standing of the building but the front and the back walls. All the interior fittings are totally consumed.

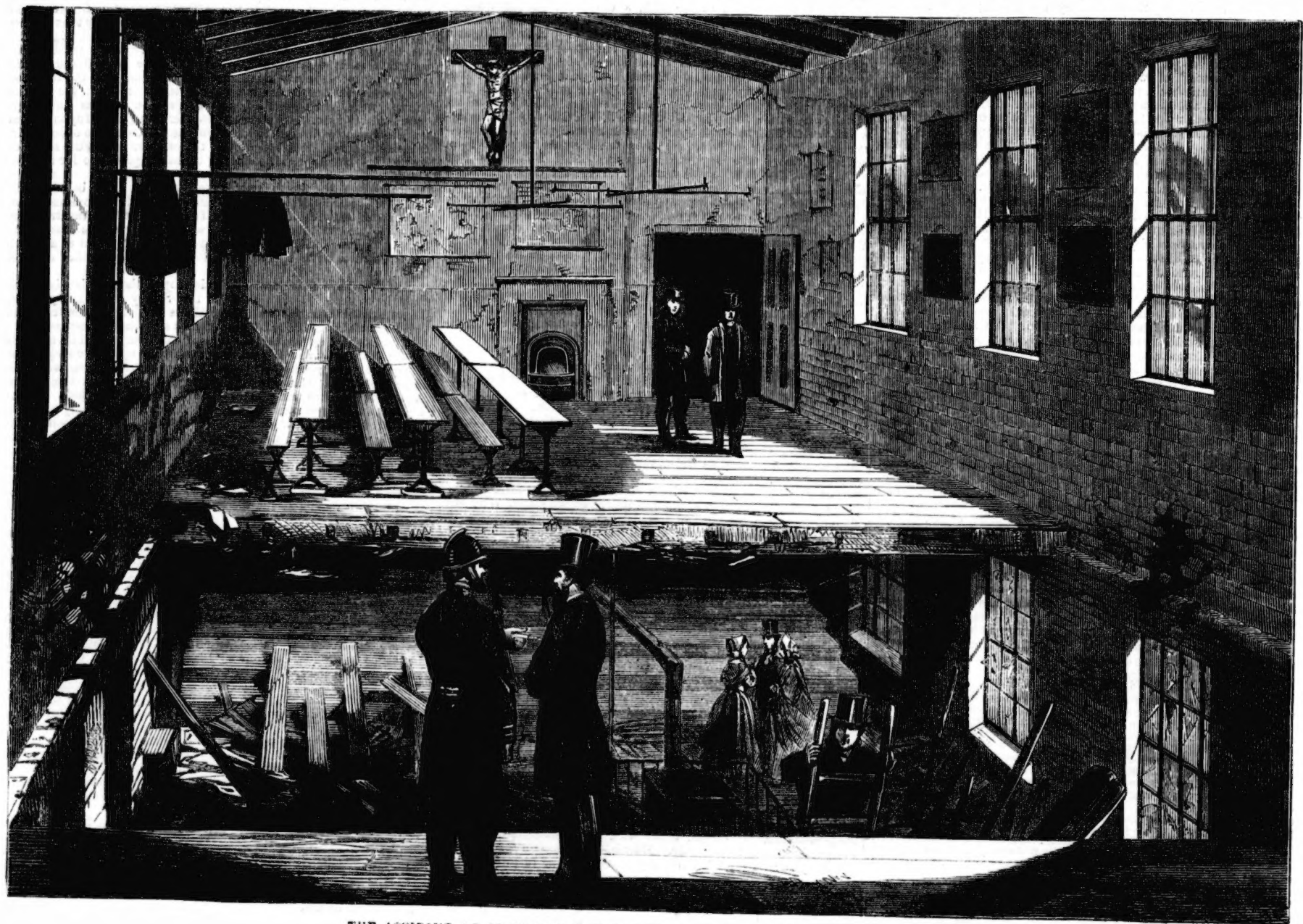
Mr. Shepherd estimates the value of the theatre and its contents at about £12,000, and the insurance effected upon it, owing to the heavy duty charged upon property of this description, was little more than £2000, thus entailing a heavy direct loss on the lessees. A meeting of the members of the company was held at the Equestrian Tavern, next door to the theatre, on Tuesday night, to take their present unfortunate position into consideration. The meeting was attended by Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson. After arrangements had been made to meet the immediate wants of those present, it was resolved that a committee should be formed with the object of getting up a series of benefits at some of the metropolitan theatres, the lessees of several of which have handsomely placed their establishments at the disposal of the burnt-out company for one night.

The Surrey was originally opened on Nov. 7, 1782, by Messrs. Hughes and Dibdin, in opposition to the elder Astley; it was then called the Royal Circus, and was long an unsuccessful speculation. This theatre was burned to the ground Aug. 12, 1805. The new one, which was the edifice now a smouldering heap of ruins, was built on the same site, and opened on Easter Monday, 1806. For many years it flourished, under the successive managements of Elliston, Tom Dibdin, and Davidge, as a theatre noted for the production of the "sensational" dramas of that period of theatrical history; and here, in 1829, was produced Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan," which enjoyed such a lengthened run. Mr. Davidge acquired a handsome fortune by the management, and, after being held for a short time by his widow, the theatre passed, in 1848, under the leaseholdship of Messrs. Osbaldiston and Shepherd, when it was considerably improved, remodelled, and nearly rebuilt. Mr. Shepherd afterwards allied himself in partnership with Mr. Creswick, when a higher kind of drama was introduced to the transpontine public. About three years ago Mr. Creswick retired from the management, and was succeeded by Mr. James Anderson, who was associated in the direction with Mr. Shepherd during the season which has thus been so abruptly and so lamentably terminated.

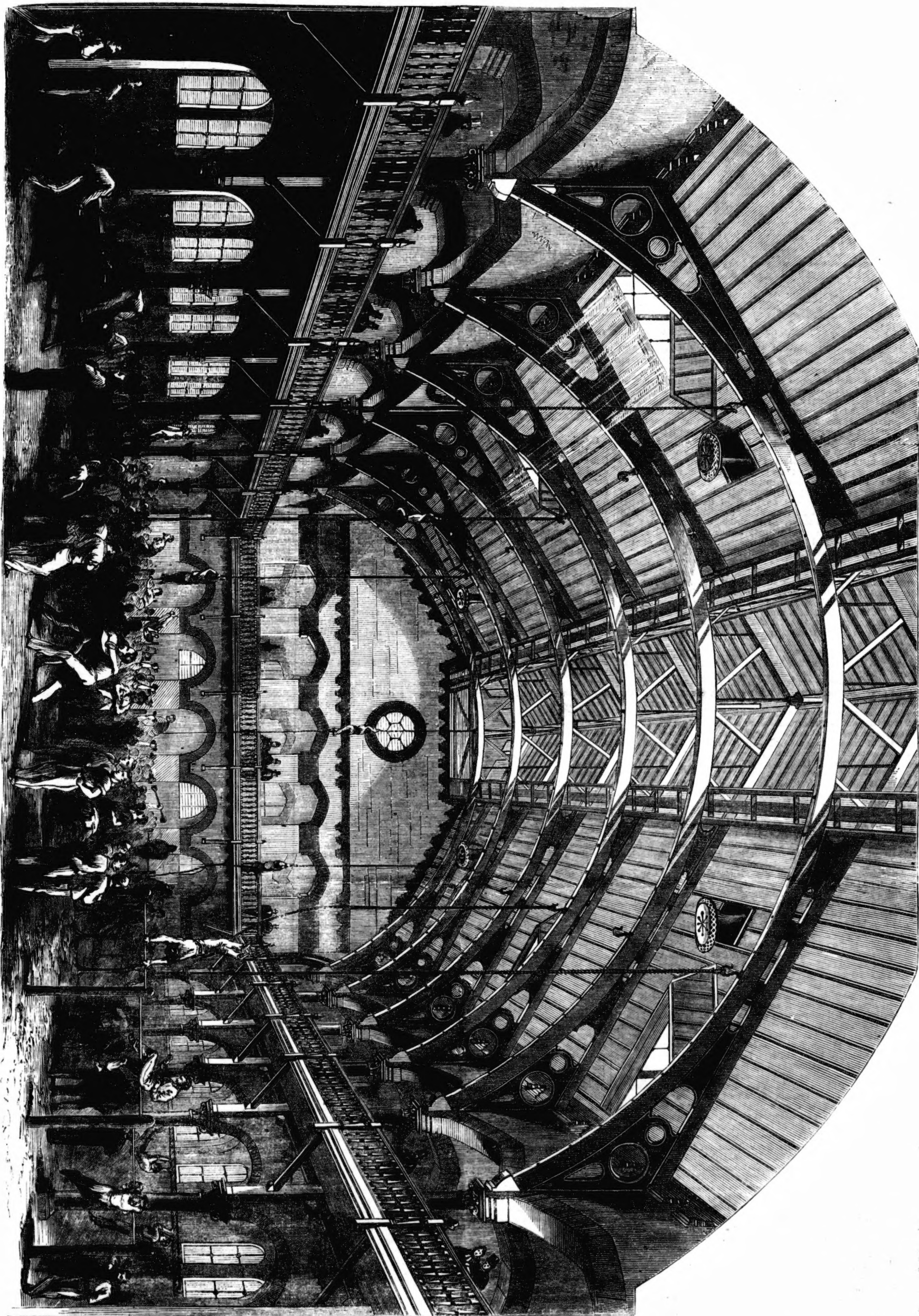
Those who are fond of strange coincidences may find one in connection with this affair. Mr. Windham, the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, was in the Surrey Theatre when the telegram informing him that his theatre was destroyed was put into his hands. He returned at once to Edinburgh and remained there until Monday, when he came to London, arriving just in time to see the Surrey Theatre in flames.



INTERIOR OF THE SURREY THEATRE AFTER THE FIRE.



THE ACCIDENT AT ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOLS, WESTMINSTER—SEE PAGE 74



THE ERIKS GYMNASIUM, OLD ST. PANCRAE-ROAD.—(DRAWN BY C. DIMMANN)

THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM.

THE Germans are certainly deserving of much credit and praise for the exertions they have been making for many years, not alone in their native land, but in whatever country the force of circumstances obliges them to adopt, in the promotion of healthful and vigorous amusements. Gymnastics were first introduced into schools in Germany during the latter half of the last century. The most prominent promoters of bodily exercises at that period were Vith and Gutsmuths. The work of the latter has been translated into almost all European languages, and was the primary cause of the introduction of gymnastics into Denmark and other countries. But the man who has done most in popularising gymnastics was Ludwig Jahn. In 1811 he opened a public gymnasium at Berlin, which was visited by many thousands, boys and men. The whole of the latter enlisted in the army during the

banners, &c., and the names of well-known German celebrities, such as Humboldt, Goethe, Arndt, Schiller, Hardenberg, Lessing, Cornelius, Beethoven, Mozart, Güttenberg, Liebig, Luther, and a host of others, met the eye at every point. The centre portion of the hall was roped off, the outside of which and the spacious galleries being set apart for visitors, which, before the ceremonial commenced, numbered some thousands. At the north end of the hall a platform was erected, which was occupied by the members of the German singing societies and some of the most prominent members of the society. At the opposite end a brass band was stationed. The centre was kept clear for the members of the society and their various exercising appurtenances. At the appointed hour the members of the society, dressed in their peculiar gymnastic costumes, made their appearance, and marched in procession order, headed by the flag of the society, to the front of

the platform, where they arranged themselves in a sort of square. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. A. Heintzmann and by the president of the Gymnastic Society; after which a cantata, written by Mr. G. Winter and composed by Mr. Julius Cyriax, members of the society, was sung by the members of the German singing societies. An exhibition of gymnastics followed; and, after some further displays of ability on the part of the members of the German music societies, the proceedings concluded with an elegantly-served banquet in the spacious room over the minor hall. The enjoyment and brilliancy of the occasion were very much enhanced by the presence of ladies, who, by their countenance of such healthful amusements, must render them doubly commendable.

Our Engraving represents the Interior of the Gymnastic Hall while the members are engaged in exercising.

We also publish an Engraving of the Society's Medal, an elegant work of art, which has been prepared by Mr. A. Kertzing, a member of the society. The following is a translation of the inscription:—"In commemoration of the opening of the German gymnasium, Jan. 28, 1865."

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT THE WESTMINSTER CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

On the evening of Thursday week a fearful accident occurred at the Catholic Free School-rooms, St. Peter's-street, attached to the Church of St. Mary, Horseferry-road, Westminster. The building adjoining the model lodging-houses in St. Peter's-street, and was a somewhat ornamental structure. The basement floor was used in part as a play-room for the children after school hours, and the upper floor as the school-room. It was about 60 ft. long and 30 ft. wide. The church to which the school is attached being in debt, those in authority established a lottery to clear it off, and tickets were sold among the congregation and others in the district, entitling the winners to certain prizes. The list of prizes included a handsome ormolu Paris clock, an ivory crucifix, a very handsome cabinet, a handsome tea service, a lady's silver watch, a very handsome missal register, lace (church pattern), a musical snuffbox, a portfolio desk, besides many other valuable prizes, including gold brooches, gold rings, writing-desks, travelling-cases, ladies' workboxes, dolls, statuary, vases, pictures in frames, purses, stereoscopes, photographic albums, &c. The tickets were sold at sixpence each, and at a quarter past eight on the evening of the 26th ult. the distribution of the prizes had begun, when suddenly, and without any notice whatever, a portion of the flooring gave way. There were at the time nearly 500 persons—men, women, and children—in the school-room. Without the slightest warning, one of the beams which crossed from the eastern to the western side gave way, and upwards of 100 persons were thrown down to the floor beneath, amid the frightful screams and agonising cries of those who were injured. It was at first supposed that a fire had burst out; and, to a certain extent, such an impression was a fortunate one, for, the alarm being given, the Fire Brigade men hastened to the spot, foremost among whom was Conductor James Cottrell, of the Escape Brigade. He rendered most invaluable assistance in rescuing men, women, and children from the windows of the building. In their agony and fright they tore down the window-sashes and would have leaped to the ground beneath had they not been restrained by the police. A large number of the wounded were conveyed to the Westminster Hospital, where they were at once attended to. Thirty persons remain there, of whom several are not expected to survive. Nearly fifty were attended to and enabled to leave, while a great many were conveyed to the residences of their friends without receiving hospital treatment. Miss Adelaide Fallen, the matron of the Penitentiary, and an old woman named Mary Hefferson, have since died of the injuries they received. Several others of the sufferers are in a precarious state. A subscription has been opened for the benefit of the injured, most of whom are persons in a humble position in life.

FINE ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE reorganisation of the Society of Female Artists, which was established on a faulty system and one not calculated to forward the true interests of art, is a step on which we most heartily congratulate those spirited and industrious ladies who have undertaken the task of infusing real life into what was previously in a moribund condition. The result of their efforts is to be seen in the great stride the exhibition has made this year in spite of the disadvantages naturally consequent on the dissolution and revivification of the association.

The next step to be taken by the Female Artists' Society must be the procuring of more commodious premises. Their present room is not nearly large enough even for this year's collection, and we may expect, now that the society is placed on a higher and more lasting basis, that future exhibitions will require still more room. We cannot but feel convinced that we have overlooked many meritorious pictures, which are hung so low that the critic can only hope to inspect them by prostration, after the Oriental fashion. Of course, in the performance of his duty the critic would not hesitate a moment to prostrate himself; but, then, the other visitors to the gallery would naturally object to his occupying so much of the very limited space the room affords. We shall hope, therefore, that the public patronage which this most meritorious exhibition deserves on many grounds will encourage the society to look for more capacious quarters.

As we have already mentioned, there is a very marked advance this year in the works exhibited; and, now that one or two objectionable characteristics are removed, we hope to find the improvement more evident every year. We shall also expect to find the list of members extended, and shall look to read in it the names of several female artists of established repute, without whom the only existing Society of Female Artists can hardly be said to be perfect—Miss Ellen Edwards or Miss Claxton, for instance.

In the present exhibition water-colours have more representatives than oils, and flower and fruit pieces occupy, perhaps, too large a share of the space.

Of the pictures in oils the palm unmistakably falls to Miss Kate Swift's illustration of the old saw "Two Heads are Better than One" (177), which is full of light and well composed, if a little unfinished in some of the details. Miss Swift's name is already favourably known, and this charming painting will add to her reputation. "A Stitch in Time" (187), by the same artist, also deserves a word

of praise; and a couple of pictures by Mrs. E. M. Ward (182 and 188) will attract attention. "The First Sketch" (171), by Mrs. Rochat, is cleverly conceived, but a little cold in tone. "The Last Watch" (203), by Mdme. de Feyl, should not be overlooked. The largest and most pretentious figure-subject in water-colour is Mrs. Backhouse's "Gipsy Poacher; or, Love versus Duty" (167). A young gamekeeper has just detected the "Romany chaf" in the "carrying on of an unlawful game"—a partridge, to wit, as the lawyers would say—in her pocket. He hesitates, divided between his loyalty to the squire and his loyalty to the sex. The figure and face of the gamekeeper are very good—the face of the girl hardly up to the mark; but the wood in the background and all the accessories are well painted, and the composition is pleasing. "A Little Gleaner" (78), by the same artist, is a clever work.

Miss Margaret Gillie's "Young Knight" (77) is a careful and successful study of armour; the face is a trifle too effeminate. Miss Bouvier exhibits two very charming pictures—a "Little Maid of Ischia" (98) and "Kiss Little Sister" (53). The latter, especially, is deserving of high praise. The colouring is pure and brilliant, and the attitudes natural and full of grace. If we must find fault, it shall be with the drawing of the extremities, which is a little weak and betrays want of study from the life. The tiny sister's face is a gem. "Grimms' Fairy Tales" (38), by Miss Adelaide Burgess, is one of the best pictures she has yet exhibited. A little girl, seated in a chair, is poring over the legends, her very attitude betraying her entire absorption in the tale she reads. The expression of the face is truthful, and tells the story well, while the execution of the whole picture leaves little to be desired.

Miss G. Swift's "Returning from Covent Garden" (167) is well drawn and unaffectedly painted. Her sister, Miss L. Swift, has one or two pictures on the walls which show considerable promise. Before passing to the landscape, we may mention that there is a very excellent likeness of Miss Helen Faucit (93), painted by Miss Lane—one of the most indefatigable workers in the society, to judge from the string of numbers standing against her name in the list of exhibitors.

In landscapes the society is particularly strong. We could point to several among them which might fairly claim a place "on the line" in any exhibition.

"A Sunny Lane, Devon" (20), by Miss Eliza Martin, is a veritable glimpse of nature. The purple shadows flecking the warm sunlit ground are rendered with thorough appreciation of truth; and the peep of bright sea, with a fringe of pearly foam, at the end of the lane is capital—its distance, unmistakably given in spite of a distinctness that might bring it too near, is a triumph of aerial perspective.

"Cloud Shadows—Sidmouth" (60) is an equally meritorious picture. The most carefully elaborated detail does not take away from the breadth of effect. Miss Sophia Beale, the artist, possesses an enviable eye for colour and a close observation of nature, which are ably assisted by a thorough mastery of the technicalities. The foreground, with its stretch of shingle darkened by a passing cloud, is a miraculous study; the little pools that lie beyond are portraits in miniature; while the green turf and red sandstone of the cliff in the background, contrasting admirably with each other, are thrown into still stronger relief by the leaden clouds that rise behind.

Some exceedingly careful paintings by E. C., who seems to have been studying Mr. Brett, and not without advantage, earn a word of warm commendation. The earnest work in the rocks of the "Villa di Angelis, Sorrento" (50), the clever handling of the sea in the view of "Ischia" (114), the plentiful light suffused around the "Ruined Tomb at Roma Vecchia" (119), and the masterly treatment of the architecture in the "Temple of the Sybil" (127), are all signs of an artistic excellence of which we shall expect to hear more by-and-by, when the mysterious initials shall have given place to a name that will do honour to the society.

Miss S. S. Warren takes a very high place among the lady landscape-painters, but belongs to a different school from that of which E. C. and Miss Beale must be considered pupils. Miss Warren, however, possesses no less feeling for nature, and embodies it in delightful passages in her landscapes. One merit which she has is a rare one in landscape-painters. She draws and paints her figures and cattle exceedingly well, and puts them in with great skill—her cattle, especially, are true to the life. Of her pictures, which are tolerably numerous, we may note more particularly "A Sunny Evening in North Wales" (18), in which the glow of the sunset is caught with great effect; "A Lane Scene" (33), in which, however, there is an injudicious use of body colour in the foliage; "Southcot Lane" (82), a charming bit of nature; "On the Thames" (153), with a capital foreground; and "A Path Through the Woods" (72).

Two Algerian views (3 and 17) by Lady Dunbar are very striking and effective; and a study of "A Beech-Tree" (7) by the Hon. Mrs. W. Lowther is artistically handled, though for breadth of treatment and bold attainment of effect another "Study of Beeches" (30), by Mrs. Hussey, must be admitted to carry off the palm. "Mountain Solitudes" (116), by Miss Freeman Kempson, is marked by the same freedom and power, and there is considerable talent in some sketchy notes of "Killarney and the Bay of Dublin" (126), by Miss Beattie Parkes.

"Twilight" (160), by Miss Keys, is noticeable for some good painting of cloud and sky; and "Noon near Horsemonden" (171), by Miss C. F. Williams, abounds in good points; as does also "Hope, Derbyshire" (196), by Mrs. T. W. Brown, whose "Peveril Castle" (174), by-the-way, is very pleasing. Miss Louise Rayner's "Durham" (42), her "Old Houses" (71), and her "Back Gate, Newcastle" (61), are all thoroughly deserving of praise; while the church interiors of Miss Margaret Rayner are almost beyond it. Nothing could be better than the interior of "St. Mary's, Eastbourne" (27), with its wonderfully true stained window, or the more sombre architectural studies to be found in Nos. 52 and 81.

We must not omit to mention, also, "A View from the Ramparts of Perugia" (11), by Miss Forbes; the "Old Guesten Hall, Worcester" (37), by Mrs. Wilkes; "Lying-to" (57)—which, by-the-way, is not "lying-to" in the nautical sense—by Miss Seymour; and, last though not least, "Chelsea, from Below the Old Bridge" (244), by Mrs. Dundas Murray. Our space will not admit of our doing full justice to these, but they one and all possess considerable merit.

Of the fruit and flower pieces, two little studies (230, 236) by Miss Helen Coleman are, beyond all question, the best. The accuracy and truth of these almost photographic reproductions are sheer marvels, and we have no hesitation in saying that in this particular branch of art Miss Coleman stands pre-eminent, after a far wider comparison than is afforded by this exhibition. Miss Lane and Miss C. James both exhibit flower and fruit pieces which are among the best in the gallery; but the latter lady is distinguished further by some exquisite "Designs for Table Glass" (135) and a spirited and correct "Life Study after Mulready" (148). "Jessie, the property of Sir E. Landseer" (238)—a miniature by Miss Jessie Landseer—and a sketch of another doggy, "Myrtle" (we believe we may add "in the possession of the artist") will be regarded with interest. They possess beyond their artistic merit evidences of that thorough understanding of animal character with which the name of Landseer cannot fail to be associated in every mind.

We must not close our notice without speaking in high terms of the etchings of E. V. B.—initials well known in the Art-world now, and standing for the name of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle—who exhibits in the pen-and-ink works a delicacy of touch and a knowledge of drawing which even her published works had not led us to expect.

Some spirited bronzes of sheep and oxen, modelled by Rosa Bonheur, occupy a pedestal in the centre of the room. We believe that we are not wrong in saying that at the next exhibition of the society we may expect a painting by her as an additional attraction to the many which this admirable society already offers to the public. We shall hope to find the Female Artists another year in more commodious premises; and we can only add that if they make the same progress by that time that they have since the last exhibition, they will leave us very little to desire.



MEDAL OF THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM SOCIETY.



war of liberation, and many of the most able fell on the field of battle. On the restoration of peace the Governments took up gymnastics, and it was proposed to introduce them into the school and the army. But not much was done. A time of reaction soon after set in, and gymnastic societies began to be treated as political bodies, and were persecuted, and many suffered. The promoters of the movement, however, kept steadily at work, and the success of their perseverance may be judged from the fact that there are at present in Germany about 1800 gymnastic societies, with close upon 200,000 members. The German system of gymnastics has been introduced into other countries. The exercises of the French army are based upon it, as also those of the Italian army. Generally, however, the source whence these promoters of gymnastics derived their information has not been mentioned.

The history of the German Gymnastic Society of London is, on account of the humility and smallness of its origin, its rapid growth, and its present highly creditable position, not alone full of interest, but very instructive, as it strikingly demonstrates the great and beneficial results that may accrue from united action, determined energy, and good management. The birth of the society dates no further back than 1861. The *Hermann*, a German newspaper published in London, commenced agitating the matter. Circulars were published, which resulted in 170 Germans liberally subscribing to a foundation fund. The first place of meeting was the large room opposite Sadler's Wells Theatre, now known as Deacon's Music-hall. The building, however, being wanted for the purpose of a music-hall, the Turnverein had to change its quarters. A removal accordingly took place to what was considered very desirable premises in the Gray's-inn-road, known as the Great Northern Depository, and now called St. George's Hall. After a short location in Gray's-inn-road, the society was obliged to seek quarters elsewhere, and the next scene of its operations was a building, formerly used as a store, near to the King's-cross Railway station. These various removals did not affect the prosperity of the society in the least. On the contrary, the number of its members continued to increase rapidly, and in the same ratio so did its aspirations. The inconveniences and drawbacks of frequent removal were the very best things that could have happened to the society, for to them must be attributed the formation of the Gymnasium Company (Limited). Seeing that no matter what place they rented they were subject to notices to quit whenever their landlord thought proper, the active members of the society and some outside friends agitated the idea of the formation of a company for the purpose of building a gymnasium which they could call their own, and from which they could not be expelled. With earnestness and energy the preliminaries for the formation of the company were entered into, and soon it became an accomplished fact. The first step taken was the selection of a site for the intended building, and in this the directors were singularly fortunate, for they succeeded in securing a building plot of upwards of 10,000 square yards in the St. Pancras-road, close to the King's-cross railway station, a neighbourhood rapidly improving. Some months ago the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by torchlight, and with all the usual ceremonials peculiar to the German nationality. Except some ornamental details, it may be said that the new gymnasium is now complete, so that very little time has been lost in the carrying out of the idea. It will thus be seen that in about three years, though the exertions of a few Germans, an important society, numbering now 500 members, has sprung into existence, and they have, besides many great advantages, become the proprietors of as noble a place of meeting as any society in London, no matter how antiquated its date, can boast of. The new building is not very pretentious in appearance, the principle laid down seeming to be rather solidity, adaptability, and general comfort than ornamentation. It is not, however, altogether without some architectural beauty, as the good design and full proportions of the interior of the hall fully testify. The hall has been built by Messrs. Piper and Wheeler, from the design of Mr. E. Grüning, the architect of the company. The dimensions of the hall are—length, 120 ft.; width, 80 ft.; height to the top beam, 57 ft. For gymnastic purposes an apparatus is being manufactured by Messrs. Snoxell, from designs supplied to them. The fittings are as yet anything but complete, but still a great deal has been done towards that end, and quite enough to afford a large amount of practice. When all is complete about thirty squads of ten men each will be able to practice at a time. Adjoining the great hall is a club-room, 60 ft. by 35 ft., and also a reading-room. The society also possesses a library, containing ninety works on bodily exercises, and 303 others, and 500 volumes are expected shortly from Mr. Brockhous, of Leipzig. Messrs. Triebner, of Paternoster-row, have already presented about fifty volumes to the library. A minor hall, reception-rooms, lavatories, and other necessary conveniences, are comprised in what is called the new hall. It is proposed to ornament the great hall with busts of celebrated Germans and others who have worked in the cause of human progress. Jahn's bust, a masterpiece by Mr. Grass, of Gower-street, has been completed, and so have busts of Spiess and Gutsmuths, by Novra. A large clock has been presented by Mr. Murray, of the Royal Exchange, an English member, and Mr. Haslück intends presenting a clock for the club-room. The cost of the hall complete will be about £8500, including £1400 for the paying of an improved ground rent. The actual building costs about £6000, the remainder being required for fittings, apparatus, &c. It may be mentioned that of the 500 persons now constituting the society 220 (or nearly half) are English, and that amongst them all classes are represented, but the mercantile class predominates.

Last Saturday evening the public opening of the new building was inaugurated by a very imposing ceremony. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with well-arranged flags,

OUR FEUILLETON.

A VERY PARDONABLE ERROR.

[This pretty and graceful story is one of the pieces given by the French romancists of the present day in aid of the funds of the Société des Gens de Lettres, under the collective title of "L'Obolus des Conteurs."—Ed.]

LAST summer, while staying for bathing at a little seaport town on the coast of Caen, I made the acquaintance of Father Monceau, professor of swimming. This man was a miser, whose avarice was notorious. He lived on black bread and the refuse of fish which he himself caught; he drank nothing but water, which in that part of the country costs nothing; and his garments were always of the coarsest and commonest description, and patched, besides, in a dozen places. And yet his means must have been, at the least, easy, to judge from the profits of his various trades. One day, on entering the *salle-a-manger* of my hotel, the *Soleil-Levant*, I observed a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, sitting working at a window. She raised her eyes on my entrance, then dropped them, and continued her work, without further noticing my presence. I saw, however, that she was very pretty, with regular and delicate features. On inquiring of my hostess, I found that she was the daughter of Monceau. "And the true child of her father," added *Mme. A.* "You see how she is dressed. Look at her clothes; and yet she is always at work, and earns more than enough to enable her to dress even well."

"The avarice of Father Monceau is detestable enough," returned I; "but in such a young girl it is repulsive."

On entering my room I found there a letter from one of my college friends, Ernest Préaux, who resided in the neighbouring town. Hearing that I was not far off, he had written begging me to go and see him, that we might renew our old friendship. It was a strange nature, that of Ernest Préaux. At five-and-twenty he had the manners of a cold and austere moralist of forty. He was clever; had read much and retained much. We had left college together, and had afterwards met again as students—he of law, I of medicine. He seemed pleased that we should be at once on our old familiar footing together, but he preserved his habitual calmness and taciturnity. I fancy that the extreme sombreness of his character was in part owing to a disappointment he had met with. A young girl to whom he had been engaged had deserted him and given her hand to another. Her perfidy had deeply wounded him; he was so young, so inexperienced; and he had now become utterly sceptical with regard to woman and woman's constancy. Another circumstance had also, perhaps, helped to make him what he was. He had lost his parents at ten years of age. They had both died of grief and anxiety at seeing the honour of their house imperilled. His father had been robbed of a considerable sum, and had immediately been declared bankrupt. The suddenness and shame of this brought on an attack of apoplexy, to which he succumbed. The mother, who had been in delicate health, was unable to bear up against so many misfortunes, and in a week followed her husband to the grave. Then came all the long and weary business of liquidation, at the end of which the poor little orphan was found to be the inheritor of the modest annual income of 600*fr.* His prospects as regards education, therefore, would have been of the scantiest, but that his guardian one day received, on his account, the sum of 1500*fr.*, together with a letter of a few words, bearing no signature, stating that the same amount would be paid annually on that day to the son of *M. Préaux*.

The next day I proceeded to the house of Ernest's former guardian, with whom he was passing his holiday. He received me most cordially.

"I wanted particularly to see you again," said he, "for a few months later I shall be unable to do so."

"Why?" said I.

"Because I intend to become a monk of La Trappe," he answered. "My dear Ernest," said I, "I am perfectly aware of your capacity for silence, and it is a precious gift in a monastery; but I have not forgotten the violent onslaughts you used to make against a monastic life."

"I was wrong," replied Ernest. "At any rate, right or wrong, I feel now that I require calm and solitude. I want to try and deaden my heart. I must forget. This is why I intend to turn Trappist. There are philosophers who cry up memory as the essential base of all intelligence. It is possible; but it is sometimes a very sad gift. To remember is to suffer, either in the past, present, or future. Better at once to forget."

"Come," said I, "I see you are not yet yourself. In love affairs the only cure is indifference: you are at present only at despair." "You are wrong," replied Ernest. "I have thorough contempt for the person you allude to; I detest all women, and that one in particular."

I usually paid my visit to Ernest between eight and nine in the morning, but I found several times that he had risen very early, and had already had a long walk when I got there. I proposed, therefore, to go earlier, that I might be his companion on those occasions; but he answered me evasively, and in such a manner that I at once fancied he had a secret connected with these excursions. Although his reserve piqued my curiosity, it was chance alone that discovered to me the reason for it. One morning I arrived at his house a little earlier than usual, but he had already left; and on walking on I saw him, within gunshot, crossing the fields. I hurried after him; but before I could reach him he had disappeared into a little cabin thickly shaded with trees. "Ah!" thought I, "now I shall catch him up. My future Trappist has probably retired there to meditate on the vanity and falsity of all human affection." But the thought had scarcely crossed my mind, when I perceived the flutter of female garments, the wearer of which appeared to me to enter the cabin. I approached gently, and heard two voices in *tête-à-tête*; one was feminine, the other was Ernest's. My curiosity was greatly excited, and, I confess it, I drew close and peeped between the cracks in the planks of the cabin. What was my astonishment to discover in my friend's companion, Ursule, the daughter of Father Monceau! Now I have a horror of hypocrisy, and when I remembered the abuse lavished by Ernest upon women and the prudish airs of *Mlle. Ursule*, I drew back thoroughly indignant and returned to my hotel, determined from this day to cease my visits to Ernest, and I held to my resolve. A few days afterwards another little circumstance occurred which increased my dislike of Ursule. In the morning, after bathing, I had called at Father Monceau's cottage, not having seen him on the sands. He was a capital swimmer, and, in his professional capacity, I did not wish to lose sight of him. As I entered the door I saw Ursule with an old stocking in her hand filled with soaps. Directly she caught sight of me she endeavoured to hide it, but ineffectually. "So," cried I, "you are rich?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur!" she answered.

"But your purse seems to be well filled," returned I.

"What purse?" replied Ursule.

"That stocking that you had in your hand just now," I answered.

"There was nothing in it," said the girl.

The lie and the avarice of one so young seemed to me monstrous.

A short time after this occurrence, Father Monceau came to me, as a doctor, to beg me to go and see his daughter, who was ill, not forgetting, by various hints and innuendoes, to satisfy himself that it was not my intention to demand a fee on the occasion. I found Ursule really very ill; she required the greatest care. I told her father this, and wrote a prescription.

"Will these drugs cost much?" he asked, anxiously.

"Only two or three francs," I answered.

"Three francs!" he echoed; "and where is a poor man like me to find three francs? and, besides, will that cure her?"

"Probably not," replied I.

"Then I shall have to buy more? Oh! I shall be ruined, ruined!"

"If you wish to save your daughter," said I, severely, "spare nothing; the case is serious."

I left indignant, but returned in the evening, fearing that he might not have obeyed my instructions. The door of the cabin was open, a fact which indicated great confusion in the domestic arrangements. I entered the kitchen, and was about to go into

Ursule's room, when I saw a light shining through the door—which was a little ajar—of her father's chamber. On advancing to call him, I saw him standing before a cupboard, on the shelves of which glittered piles of louis and five-franc pieces. He was so lost in contemplation of his riches that he did not hear me. I retreated, and then called him loudly. I heard him double-lock his cupboard, and then he appeared in the kitchen, with a decided and resolute look about him.

"Doctor," said he, "people do very well at the hospital, do they not?"

"Yes," I answered; "but people are better at home."

"No doubt, when they are well off," returned Monceau. "But I have an idea, doctor, that Ursule would be well taken care of at the hospital. They tell me that patients want for nothing; that they have good chicken broth, and wine if necessary."

"Certainly, it is true."

"Then I shall decide to take my daughter to Pont-l'Évêque."

"You must remember that she cannot walk, and is not in a state to bear the motion of a carriage," answered I.

"My good doctor, I will take her in a litter; two of the neighbours will help me."

"It is a good five miles from here to Pont-l'Évêque," I observed.

"No matter; we can stop and rest."

It was useless to urge the matter. Father Monceau had his way, and half an hour afterwards started on his journey.

More than a year had passed and I had nearly forgotten this detestable family, when I was one day called on to be present at an examination of young girls who were being brought up as teachers. The ceremony was an interesting one to me, as the fate of a god-child of mine was then to be decided. Amongst these young girls was a face that puzzled me dreadfully. It seemed to me to belong to Ursule; but it was Ursule transformed, bearing no trace of her severe illness, her always delicate and refined features lit up with the brilliant flush of excitement. Her bearing was graceful, and, which was still more extraordinary, she was in a charming toilet. She trembled a little in answering the examiners, but her answers were correct, and she obtained her diploma as governess. My god-daughter was not less fortunate. I had seen her talking to Ursule, and I was eager to question her, hoping that she might enlighten me as to the transformation of the avaricious and apparently-ignorant country girl into the elegant and well-educated young lady.

"*Mlle. Monceau*," answered my god-daughter, "has been in my school two months. She only came to stay until the examination, for she knew more than any of us. They say that she is quite alone in the world. She certainly has contrived to interest every one in the school about her; but she maintains complete reserve as to her position, even to me, her friend."

This was all I could obtain, and I was very curious on the subject. But I knew that Ernest Préaux was at Caen, and I went to see him, hoping that he could give me the answer to this enigma. I found him more moody than ever.

"Sit down," said he.

"No," replied I. "Your manner makes me think you are wishing me a hundred miles away, so good-by!"

"Nonsense," returned Ernest. "I assure you your visit gives me much pleasure, the more so as it may be the last."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied I.

"There is no necessity," he rejoined. "You must know, then, that I am thoroughly decided to enter La Trappe."

"Ah, bravo!" said I. "But your decision does not disturb me much. I know now your peculiar way of turning monk."

"You may laugh; but I am more than ever resolved."

"From your manner of saying that," replied I, "one would imagine that you had fresh motives for quitting the world—that horrible Babylon in which virtue has but one asylum—a cabin embowered in trees, &c., &c."

Ernest slightly coloured, and his eye sparkled; but he kept silence. However, I was determined to make him speak.

"Is it long since you saw *Mlle. Ursule*?" I asked.

Ernest lifted his head, and quickly answered, "Ah! then, you have guessed my secret; and that Ursule alone can keep me in the world. Oh, women, women!"

"What! is this one also inconstant?"

"Do not calumniate her," he returned, "she is an angel."

"I must believe you, certainly," rejoined I, "for you ought to know her better than anyone, having had so many opportunities of making her acquaintance in the aforesaid cabin embowered in trees."

"What, you know that, too?" he cried, with astonishment. "But you know I was obliged to think of Ursule's reputation. People would have thought all sorts of harm if I had not hidden our rendezvous so carefully."

"Certainly, you behaved like a gallant man, as well as a man of gallantry," I answered.

"Don't laugh, and do not judge me unfairly," he returned. "I assure you that my only object in meeting Ursule was to give her instruction—to educate her."

"Your reason, at all events, could not be more moral," said I, laughing.

"I see you doubt my sincerity," said Ernest, sadly, after a moment or two of reflection. "But listen, and I will tell you all, cost me what it may. I love Ursule with all my heart, but she has not the least idea of it. She herself loves elsewhere, and will, no doubt, shortly be married. But I will begin at the beginning. One day—some few years ago—I was walking on the beach when a little girl of thirteen or fourteen advanced towards me. She appeared nervous and hesitating, and presently said, in a little timid voice, 'Monsieur Ernest, do you not recognise me? I am little Ursule, don't you remember? the child of your father's clerk.' I did remember, but with a certain feeling of displeasure, which at the moment I could not master. I had heard from my guardian that Monceau had had some little share in the ruin of my father. However, Ursule began to talk to me of old times, and appeared to remember any little kindness I might have shown her as a child with so much joy and gratitude that my heart was insensibly touched, and I soon found myself talking to her as affectionately as of old. From this time I often met her, and gradually learned to think of her almost as a little sister. I found that she had very romantic notions, balanced, however, by strict right-mindedness. A year or so had passed, when she one day confided to me something that may surprise you, sceptic, but which did not astonish me, for her character was a singular mélange of boldness and simplicity. She told me that her father, who was extremely avaricious, was opposed to her attempting to educate herself. 'He is poor,' said she, 'and says that I must work for my bread, and not waste my time in studying.' 'But why,' I answered, 'do you desire so much to be learned?' She hesitated a moment, coloured, and said:—'Because I love some one—some one who would blush to be the husband of an ignorant girl like me. So I want to improve myself, and to study to become a governess. Then, perhaps, he will be touched by what I have done, and will marry me.' From this day I began to teach Ursule, who made astonishing progress. She has the courage of a heroine. Every morning she used to go to the little cabin, and there I met her, and did my best in helping the development of her mind. During the day she worked hard at her needle, in order to gather together a little sum for her marriage portion. I endeavoured to make her accept my aid; but she was resolute in refusing. 'I must make my own position myself,' said she. 'I hope he will like me the better for it.' As to myself, I love her hopelessly. She has every good quality but gratitude. Would you believe that since the lessons have ceased I have not heard a word of her? I thought that, after the examination, she would at least come to thank me; but she is, no doubt, happy with one she loves better than me. She is happy. She forgets me; but I forgive her her ingratitude."

Ernest's voice trembled as he spoke. At this moment a ring at the bell was heard—a timid, hesitating, undecided ring. "It is she!" he cried, jumping up; and he pushed me into the adjoining room with an energy of which I should have thought my future Trappist incapable. He went to open the door, and then I heard

the sweet voice of Ursule murmuring thanks. Ernest did not answer, or, if he did, it was in so low a tone that I was unable to catch what he said. Ursule was the first to break the silence that ensued. In these cases, women generally appear to be bolder than men, in reality because they are more timid.

"Monsieur Ernest," said Ursule, "you appear to be ill. It grieves me to see you so, now that I am so pleased at having succeeded."

"At all events, you are happy, Ursule," murmured Ernest, hardly knowing what he said.

"Happy? Not yet," answered Ursule.

"And he?" said Ernest, after a pause.

"Oh!" returned she, "I begin to be afraid that, after all, he does not care about me."

"Is it possible?" cried Ernest, almost joyfully.

"But you have not told me, Monsieur Ernest, why you are so sad," said Ursule.

"Oh! as to me, I love an ungrateful girl, who, in her turn, loves some one else!" answered Ernest.

"Is it possible?" this time cried Ursule. "And who is this person who might be so happy, Monsieur Ernest?"

"What does it matter?—What do you care about it, since I am not the one you love? And, in my turn, may I ask you who is this man who disdains your affection?" said Ernest.

"And suppose I answer, also, What does it matter?—what can you care about it, since I am not the woman you love?" replied Ursule.

This kind of declaration is, perhaps, as good as any other. Certain it was that Ernest fell at the feet of Ursule, and covered her hands with kisses. The poor girl herself was crying for joy. I was on the point of quitting my hiding-place, for my situation began to be rather ridiculous, when a ring at the bell was heard—this time a violent and energetic one. In a moment I recognised the voice of Father Monceau, and I hastened into the room in order to save appearances before the eyes of the irritated father. When he saw me he called out "Ah, doctor! I am glad you are here; for I am come to clear my character." And as he spoke, he took from his pocket and put on the table an old and greasy pocket-book; then sat down and began to wipe his forehead. I was certainly deceived in imagining him to be angry, for his face presently became radiant as he said, "And the good doctor, too, who thought me an old miser, as everybody else did. But listen, Monsieur Ernest, doctor, my child, everyone! You know that I was clerk to *M. Préaux*, the father of Ernest. He placed every confidence in me, although he was aware that I had an unfortunate propensity to drink. However, as I was steady enough in the daytime, and only indulged in my wretched taste when work was over, my employer kept me, and contented himself with occasional remonstrances. He knew me to be devoted to him, as I was—I swear it! One day *M. Préaux* sent me to receive money for him, and accordingly, about five o'clock, I was returning home with a large sum in my pocket-book, when, on passing a cabaret, the unhappy thought occurred to me of entering and taking a glass of something and a crust; it is true that I was ready to drop from fatigue after my day's exertions. At the cabaret I met with two comrades with whom I was often in the habit of drinking. Chatting now with them and drinking my wine, I lost myself, took too much, and fell asleep, utterly forgetful of the money which was in my care. When I awoke, some hours later, my pocket-book had gone! I had been robbed! You know the rest, Monsieur Ernest. Your father was ruined, and through me! But I swore to myself to repair my fault as much as was in my power. I have every year saved enough from my earnings to send you the annual sum of fifteen hundred francs, and to-day I come to bring you, thank God, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, the result of a very fortunate investment which I confided to a shipowner at Cherbourg, a very honest man, who did his best for me: and now, on my knees, Monsieur Ernest, I beg pardon for my fault." Ernest hastened to embrace the old fisherman, who was about to prostrate himself at his feet, but was unable to utter a word. He could only point to Ursule, whom her father had almost disregarded until then. Suddenly, however, he turned to her, and said, "Ursule, my child, how is it I find you here?"

Ursule looked imploringly at Ernest.

"We waited for you," said Ernest, to Father Monceau, "to beg your consent to our marriage."

"To your marriage! What! you love each other, then?" answered the old man, aghast.

"Yes; we have loved each other for four years," replied Ernest.

"And I knew nothing about it," said the father.

"We did not know it ourselves," rejoined Ernest.

Father Monceau appeared to gather very little from these answers; but, as it is sometimes not necessary to understand in order to give happiness, he seemed to be satisfied; and a fortnight afterwards Ursule Monceau, in the prettiest of bridal toilets, became the wife of the happy and radiant Ernest.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

NOTWITHSTANDING the intelligence which has so recently reached us of the completion of the work which the French undertook in Mexico, and of the rapid pacification and re-establishment of the country by the victories achieved by the Imperial troops, we are as constantly hearing that decisive victories have been gained over detached bodies of insurgents by small forces of the French army. The truth is, that the Mexican manner of fighting, and the very fact that their army is demoralised and scattered into detachments, are sufficient to account for the continuance of such hostilities as are most difficult for a regular force to put down. Like the wavering fire of isolated companies of men, or the last sounds of "dropping shots" after a battle, when the enemy is in retreat, the guerrilla battles which have still to be fought are but an indication of defeat; but they have the effect of leaving the country insecure, and in remote places the elements of insurrection may smoulder and blaze at any moment ready for such desultory warfare as may be the means either of robbery or of revolt.

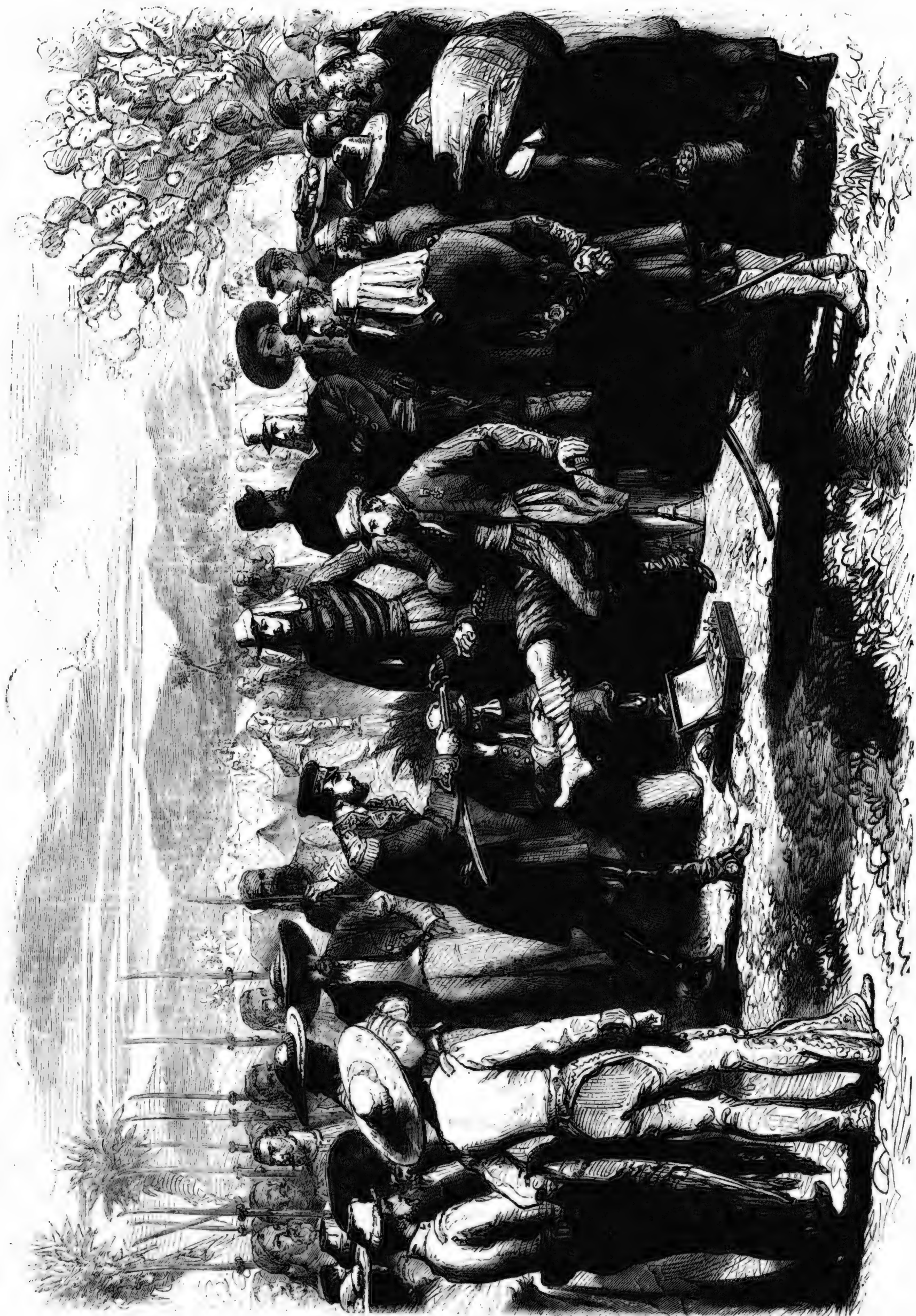
This is, in fact, the difficulty of the Mexican question; and it may yet be some time before the aspirations of the Emperor Maximilian are fulfilled and the last of the French regiments is recalled.

Our Engraving represents an event which succeeded one of the last of those brilliant engagements in which the Imperial troops distinguished themselves against greatly superior numbers, and not without considerable loss.

For some time a large body of the Juarists, under some of their most able leaders, had been attempting to surprise the town of Guadalupe, and, after the repulse of every effort, retreated to their hiding-places, there to organise fresh attacks with a certain sense of security, inasmuch as they were not followed by General Donai, who was in command of the French garrison. This confidence was doubtless much increased by their being led by Generals Arteaga, Echegaray, Neri, and Espinola; but, at the same time, the advent of these generals rendered the force of sufficient importance to call for an expedition on the part of the French commandant.

This expedition was so far successful that the insurgents were compelled to abandon their barrancas, and retreated until they were able to reform in the environs of Uquiplan with 4000 men and sixteen pieces of artillery. It was their design to travel by forced marches towards Durango, their light mountain artillery enabling them to follow the most difficult and otherwise impracticable route. Colonel Clinchant, however, entirely frustrated this intention by his meeting with them previous to their departure from Uquiplan and effecting a complete victory. Their loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 400 men, of whom two were generals; while a large quantity of arms and ammunition were captured, as well as twelve pieces of artillery.

Great satisfaction with the result of the expedition was expressed by Marshal Bazaine, and Colonel Clinchant received due honour at the hands of his General. The Colonel was himself severely wounded in the leg, and in this condition, seated on a drum, and while his wounded limb was bandaged by the surgeon of the force, he received the sword of the Mexican General Espinola, who, together with his Staff, had been made prisoner before the final rout of the Mexican army.



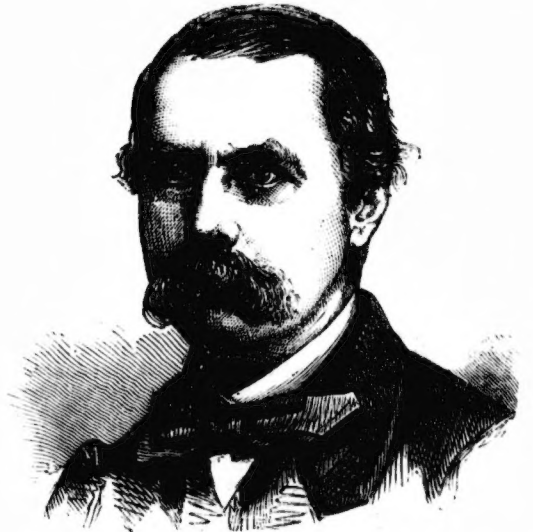
THE FRENCH IN MEXICO: COLONEL CLINCHANT RECEIVING THE SWORD OF GENERAL ESPINOLA AFTER THE BATTLE OF DQUILPAN



DON JOSE GREGORIO PAZ-SOLDAN, REPRESENTATIVE OF PERU AND PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.



DON MANUEL MONTT, REPRESENTATIVE OF CHILI.



DON JUSTO AROSEMENA, REPRESENTATIVE OF COLUMBIA.



COLONEL DOMINGO FAUSTINO SARMIENTO, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.



DON JUAN DE LA CRUZ BENAVENTE, REPRESENTATIVE OF BOLIVIA.



GENERAL DON PEDRO ALCANTARA HERRAN, REPRESENTATIVE OF GUATAMALA.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRINCIPAL SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS IN THE CONGRESS AT LIMA —(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

THE CONGRESS OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

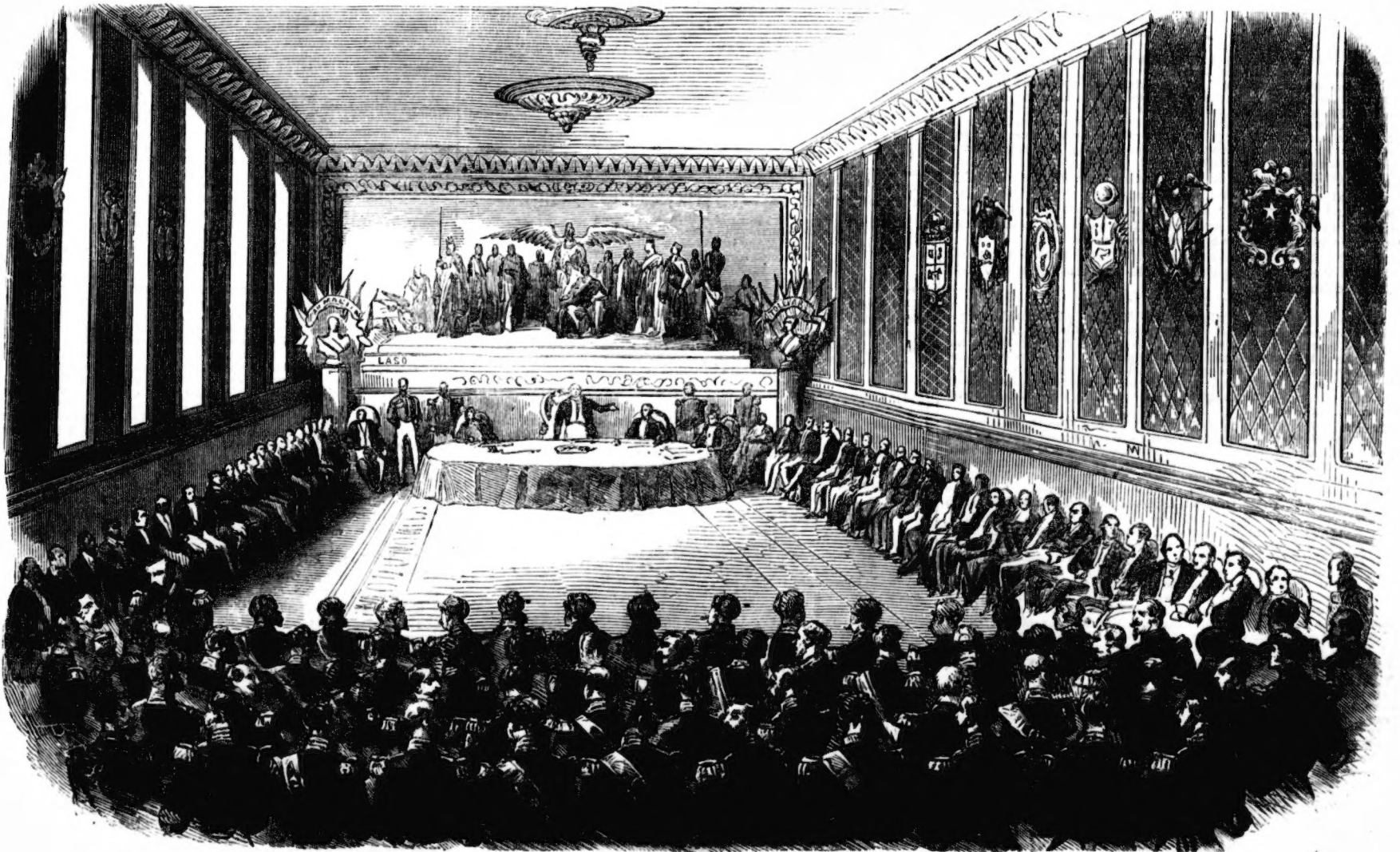
EARLY last year we had to give some account of the hostilities which were likely to occur between Spain and Peru, in consequence of the seizure by the former of the Chincha Islands, and the excitement which had been produced by an act which was said to threaten the independence of all the other South American Republics. The alleged reason for this step on the part of Spain seems to have been the declaration that certain Spanish subjects resident in Peru had been oppressed by illegal proceedings, and that Spain was determined to vindicate the honour of her countrymen. It was, however, proposed that negotiations should be opened, and the Envoy appointed by the Spanish Government for that purpose was Signor

Mazarredo, whose violent letters in the *Epoca* against Peru scarcely designated him as a fit person to be intrusted with such a mission; for, though forty years had elapsed since the capitulation of Ayacucho, by which the Spanish General surrendered the Peruvian territory to the colonists, the independence of Peru had never been formally recognised by Spain.

On the 30th of March, last year, at Lima, Senor Mazarredo delivered his credentials as Special Commissary of her Catholic Majesty in Peru. The peculiarity of this title was naturally pointed out by the Peruvian Minister, as, besides that Royal Commissaries are never intrusted with the important business of establishing diplomatic relations between two countries, the title of Commissary, being the one used in intercourse between Spain and

her dependent colonies, seemed a slight upon the nation. However, animated by a wish to smooth every difficulty, the Minister at once offered to waive the evident irregularity of the title, and, premising that it should be considered as indicating a confidential agent, proceeded at once to confer for a friendly adjustment.

The Spanish Envoy, however, seemed unwilling to do more than roundly abuse the Government of Peru; and, without having effected anything of a satisfactory character, departed suddenly from Callao, leaving behind him a letter to be delivered to the Peruvian representatives, with threats of reprisals "should Spain's banner be stained, or her sons insulted, during his absence from Lima." The next that was heard of him was that he had reached the Chincha Islands, where two Spanish frigates had arrived to



OPENING OF THE CONGRESS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION AT LIMA

meet him, and had taken possession, for the vindication of Spanish claims.

The Peruvian Government acted with promptitude and energy—buying ships, cutting off supplies from the aggressors, and generally preparing for war; and they were warmly seconded by the people. The Legislature, applied to for power to raise twelve millions of dollars, authorised a loan of fifty millions. The army was to be augmented to 30,000, and the navy to twenty ships of war. Capitalists, veterans of the War of Independence, women, and priests, offered their lives and fortunes for their country. The Government of Madrid would, it was said, discover that, even if Admiral Pinzon were as bold and brave as Pizarro, the Peruvians had altered since the time of Atahualpa.

Meantime, however, the Spanish version of the affair was that not only Spanish subjects but their own Envoy had been outraged by the conduct of the Peruvian Government; and, although no further steps were taken, the islands are to be continued in Spanish possession until satisfaction is accorded. A late number of the *Correspondencia* announces—"If it be true that Peru demands that we should give up the Chinch Islands before granting us satisfaction, a conflict is unavoidable. We shall not leave, in that case, without proving that Spain is not to be offended with impunity, nor without reimbursing ourselves for the expenses of the war."

The instructions which General Pareja has recently carried to Peru say:—"The Peruvian authorities shall disavow all participation in the outrage upon the Envoy sent from Spain and upon Spanish subjects, and shall take judicial proceedings against the authors of the violence committed. Immediately the prosecution has been commenced, Spain, without awaiting the result, will restore the Chinch Islands to Peru. The Republic shall subsequently send a Plenipotentiary to Madrid to conclude a treaty of commerce and amity between the two countries."

These instructions, however, have been accompanied by a circular upon the whole question forwarded by Señor Llorente to the representatives of Spain in Europe and America, and this circular places the entire matter in a very different light to that in which it would be seen by the representations of the Peruvian Government. Referring to a sanguinary massacre which occurred long ago at Talambo, and declaring that Spanish subjects had been treated with much insult and indignity, the Spanish Government utterly denies any intention of conquest on the American continent, and refuses to allow that the seizure of the Chinchas had any other object than to force Peru to make those concessions, to which she had insultingly refused to listen, both to the Spanish Plenipotentiary and to the demand of the Government, even though they attempted a friendly intervention by means of the French representatives; that the Peruvian representatives in Spain had been removed suddenly, and that no concessions whatever were made to the just requirements of the Spanish Government. At the same time it is declared that, while the Chinchas have been held, no serious obstacle has been placed in the way of the guano trade, nor has the Spanish occupation given rise to any complaint from creditors protected by guarantee, or from persons engaged in the trade. The manifesto concludes by declaring that every moderation has been used, and that, unless the concessions demanded by Spain are granted within a reasonable time, the affronts continually offered to her Government must be resented.

At the very time, however, that the probabilities of peace or war were being discussed, a Congress was called to meet at Lima, consisting of the Plenipotentiaries of the Argentine Republic, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, United States of Columbia, and the United States of Venezuela; and, even while their meetings lasted, the news that reinforcements from Spain were at hand excited the people in the strongest manner to urge on the Government to immediate action; while President Pezet, fearing an outbreak, strengthened his guards, and had guns placed at the entrance to the palace. The Congress, however, continued their meetings, and closed the Conference by resolving that the Government of Peru must—1, proceed immediately to give the necessary instructions for recovery of the Chinchas, and give account to Congress within eight days; and 2, that the President of Peru shall have no power to make any treaty or have any terms with the Cabinet of Madrid until the islands have been given up by Spain or taken by the forces of the Republic. This resolution was arrived at on the evening of the 26th of November. On the 27th the President went down to Callao and ordered all the fleet to get up steam and proceed on a cruise for exercise.

This resolution is noticed in the Spanish manifesto, to which we have already alluded, in the following terms:—

The last act of which we have intelligence is a certain resolution recently adopted by the Congress at Lima, by virtue of which that Government will have to declare war against Spain if the latter refuse to give satisfaction, which certainly it is impossible for us to concede who have so much right to demand it. Such a proceeding necessarily gives ground for unfavourable interpretations. Grant that the Government of Peru is very upright, and the nation too enlightened not to listen to the dictates of reason and prudence, still it cannot be ignored that in its relations with other States, and especially with Spain, the said Government makes use of unusual and irregular forms; and, further, considering the disorderly passions which surround it, may it not be suspected that under the pressure of foreign influences there has failed to preside at its resolutions and acts all the serenity and independence required for the exercise of public authority?

Late intelligence informs us that a further force of three Spanish frigates had arrived at the Chinchas, and that the Peruvian commanders had reported their inability to oppose the Spanish fleet. The Peruvian Minister had written to Madrid, offering to make any reasonable concession to the Spanish Government.

Our Engravings represent the inauguration of the Congress and portraits of the most distinguished of the representatives who took part in its deliberations.

WRECK OF THE ASSAYE, EAST INDIAN.—The fine teak-built ship Assaye, originally launched as a man-of-war, has been totally lost by going ashore on the rocks near the Old Head of Kinsale. It is stated that her commander was unfortunately drowned in an attempt to reach the shore. The remainder of the crew were saved. The cargo on board the Assaye, which was on a voyage from Bombay, is valued, it is said, at £300,000, and it is feared that little will be recovered. The ship was valued at £10,000. Both ship and cargo are heavily insured.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION AGAIN.—The German papers are making much talk about a note alleged to have been addressed by Earl Russell to Prussia protesting against an incorporation of Schleswig-Holstein with that State. They regard this as a threat, as an attempt to revive the Danish quarrel, as a piece of intrigue spirited on by the Prince of Wales, and we know not what else. Is there any such document in existence? If there be the Government ought to publish it forthwith, and let us know what it is all about.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.—On Saturday last Sir C. G. Young, Garter Principal King-of-Arms, with his assistants, placed the arms and banner of the Marquis of Lansdowne in the choir of the Chapel Royal of St. George, Windsor Castle. The position occupied by the arms of the newly-created Knight of the Garter is next to the carved stonework of the Royal closet. The trophy consists of a helmet surmounted by a gilt beehive, a blue silk scarf embroidered with silver thread, and sword, above the whole of which is the banner richly emblazoned. The number of Knights is restricted to twenty-five, exclusive of the Sovereign, the Princes of the blood Royal, and foreign Princes. The Duke of Newcastle's arms and banner have not yet been removed. Earl Spencer's arms will be shortly placed in the chapel.

THE QUEEN ON RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The following letter, dated Osborne, Dec. 27, has been received by the directors of some of the principal railway companies:—"Sir Charles Philipps has received the commands of her Majesty the Queen to call the attention of the directors of the— to the increasing number of accidents which have lately occurred upon different lines of railroad, and to express her Majesty's warmest hope that the directors of the— will carefully consider every means of guarding against these misfortunes, which are not at all the necessary accompaniments of railway travelling. It is not for her own safety that the Queen wishes to provide in thus calling the attention of the company to the late disasters. Her Majesty is aware that when she travels extraordinary precautions are taken; but it is on account of her family, of those travelling on her service, and of her people generally, that she expresses the hope that the same security may be ensured for all as is so carefully provided for herself. The Queen hopes it is unnecessary for her to recall to the recollection of the railway directors the responsibility which they have assumed since they have succeeded in securing the monopoly of the means of travelling of almost the entire population of the country."

Literature.

The Nile Basin. By RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S., and JAMES M'QUEEN, Esq., F.R.G.S. Tinsley Brothers.

THE new book on the Nile question is divided into two parts, the first being an elaboration of a paper read by Captain Burton before the Royal Geographical Society, "Showing Tanganyika to be Ptolemy's Western Lake Reservoir;" and the second being simply a reprint from the *Morning Advertiser* of Mr. M'Queen's damaging and triumphant review of Captain Speke's "Discovery of the Source of the Nile." Of the latter we have only to say that its tone is very hostile, and that frequently Mr. M'Queen succeeds in making the late Captain Speke appear decidedly wrong and sometimes even ridiculous. Captain Burton's contribution is of a different character. He laments that circumstances should have estranged him from his former friend, but he cannot permit his own reputation to suffer from a kind of misplaced respect for the dead, and his tone is always courteous, though perfectly strong and uncompromising. People who are "up" in the subject will understand Captain Burton's five principal objections to the so-called settlement of the question by deriving the Nile from the supposed Victoria Nyanza Lake. These are, that "there is a difference of levels between the upper and lower parts of the so-called lake, which point is important only when taken in connection with the following: The native report that the Mwezango River rises from the hills in the centre of the so-called lake. The general native belief that there is a road through the so-called lake. The fact that the southern part of the so-called lake floods the country for thirteen miles, whereas the low and marshy northern shore is not inundated. And the phenomena that the so-called lake swells during the dry period of the Nile, and vice versa." It is dangerous to decide when two such doctors as Burton and Speke disagree. Fortunately, the decision must be left to the scientific world, which will no doubt be materially assisted by the information and inferences contained in these pages. But to do justice to these pages within less than their own space would be impossible, and so they "must be seen to be appreciated." Captain Burton considers it the opinion of scientific Europe that the problem is wholly unsolved, and, more still, that within the last four years the Nile Basin has acquired an amount of fable which it never had in the days of Ptolemy and Ptolemy. However, further on it is satisfactory to find that he is in no way hopeless, and does not quite agree with scientific Europe. At page 60 he says:—"Since my return from Zanzibar, in 1860, I have never ceased to recommend a reconnaissance of the Nile via Mombasa, where a march of 300 instead of 1100 miles through an easy country, at a far less cost than £7000, would give very different results from the gigantic ignis fatuus that has lately amazed the public, and has reminded thoughtful men of a similar statement as ecstatically made some ninety years ago by Abyssinian Bruce, and as unreasonably received by the unscientific public." Later on, we find Captain Burton agreeing with Hogg, who follows D'Anville, that Ptolemy's accounts relating to the upper portion of the Nile, the reservoir lakes beyond the Equator, to the head streams of that mighty river, and the range of "Mountains of the Moon" whence descend, and from whose roots spring, the waters and sources that feed the central lakes, are in the main correct. Then he says, "I hold Ptolemy's Niger to be not less exactly laid down than his Nile, and that he knew more about it than Europe did before the days of Richard Lander. And in confidence of his sagacity, I cannot but believe the Tanganyika to be the western lake-reservoir of Father Nile. The word source is expressly avoided, in the belief, with Mr. M'Queen, that a lake, unless it be a mere 'eye' of water, cannot be taken as the head of a river, though the river may issue from it." Thus, Lake Geneva is not the head of the Rhone, or Lake Superior the head of the St. Lawrence, &c. According to this, the next adventurer must seek the Mountains of the Moon direct, unless, indeed, society should agree that the source of the Nile is as hopeless as was the north-west passage, and likely to be about as valuable when discovered. In any way, "The Nile Basin" is an important contribution to the literature of the subject, and should certainly be taken as an antidote by the over-sanguine who look upon the affair as settled.

Lilian Gray: a Poem. By CECIL HOME, Author of "Blanche Lisle, and other Poems," and of "Lesley's Guardians." Smith, Elder, and Co.

We do not happen to know "Blanche Lisle" nor "Lesley's Guardians," but if they be as good as "Lilian Gray" they may claim to be good and refined literature. "Lilian Gray" is a strange story, told in blank verse unmistakably modelled on some modern instances of Tennyson. The hurrying lines are closely imitated, and in some places come fairly enough—that is, when there is a hurry in the sense; but in other cases not so well, as—

And I obeyed,
And waited for some blow I felt at hand.
But he spoke of the reddening sunset clouds,
And the calm clearness of the wide-bayed sea.

Here in the italicised line the hurrying quality is altogether opposed to the spirit of the paragraph, which is purely of procrastination; whilst the line itself is out of metre with its compeers. Mr. Home is usually thoughtful enough; but he can manage to dispense with his thinking capacity, as he shows in page 1, by saying,

I hold with you there is indeed no shame
To any woman-soul to say, "I love";
But rather is she perfected therein,
And sets a crown upon her womanhood,
And is more high that she hath humbled her—
As they who kneel upon raised altar-steps.

That last line, fairly looked at, is ludicrous. The dignity and loftiness of humility need no teaching, and to illustrate the woman's exaltation by that resulting from prayer before an altar was a happy thought, but it is quite spoiled by the word "raised." Here it becomes an absolute, material, concrete affair. The woman is so much higher, although upon her knees, because she is upon some raised steps. Of course, we all know what Mr. Home means; but not because he tells us what he means, which it is his business to do. He means that the woman's soul or spirit is exalted, but he distinctly says that her body is so many steps higher up on a staircase. These small matters are worth attention, because the author writes with much taste, and should not subject himself to ridicule by making false similes. We do not like to leave him without giving a specimen:—

And when the sunset reddened on our woods,
I came upon a pathway fringed with ferns,
That led through brushwood to a little dell,
All dreamy with its stillness 'mid the hills.
Through sundered crags, half clothed with tangled growth,
My brook had slipped, and with a little fall,
Plashed lightly down, and stole before me there,
A silver serpent, flashing back the beams
That slanted eastward from the lingering sun.
A knotted bridge, its rail all ivy-hung
And ivy-fettered to a solemn elm,
Led, low above the water, to a door
Set in a grass-grown bramble-trailing wall,
And shadowed by a feathery mountain-ash,
Scarlet with fiery clusters on its boughs;
And, ranged behind, five spreading yew-trees
Made pleasant darkness on the brook, and screened
All sign of home or life, save one smoke wreath,
That, curling high, betrayed the hidden hearth.
"And now," I said, "if I were but some prince,
The youngest prince of three, just wandered forth
To seek my fairy fortune, here might wait
Its upshot in some elfin mystery,
Or long enchantment to be burst by love.
But, woe is me, I am a common man,
Fallen on common days, and I shall find
A square-eyed cottage staring at a walk;
A portly master, with a crimson face
And fat-closed eyes and pulpy blubber lips
That pass more oaths than H's; a trim wife,
With stiff false curls, worn for her evening best;

A troop of flat-nosed brats; a greasy maid,
Her broad pink cheeks, set round with pinker bows,
Stretched with a vacant grin of wonderment
To hear a stranger speak."

In the above there is a happy change of subject and of style which is happily hit off, and the whole poem, something less than fifty pages, is quite as readable and quite as changeable. Without describing the story itself, it is enough to say that it has sufficient interest, with some good varieties of character. But the plan of the story, pretty though it is, is a tax upon the credulity of any reader who does not believe in artificial memory. A girl tells her sister a narrative which has been told to her four years previously. It occupies two thirds of the book, and the young lady professes to give it literally word for word. Perhaps she will some day be able to tell it all backwards, on the principle rendered so popular by Professor Anderson's daughter.

Mdme. Fontenoy. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Moni," "Denise," &c. London: J. and C. Mozley.

This story derives its title from the name of a widow who some time resided in the picturesque old town of Rheims, and had the care of a granddaughter whom she idolised and treated with a conspicuous affection which her own daughter had never experienced at her hands. At length, however, the fates will have it that the youthful Helena must quit her grandam's roof and visit England, there to see her mother, who had married a gentleman from that country, and who had not seen her child for thirteen years. Mdme. Fontenoy is a lady who has all her life inspired awe as well as affection, and who is one of the few Protestants in France possessing the earnest and vigorous Huguenot faith; but, notwithstanding the sternness of her character, her grandchild continues to love her and to cling to her; and on the eve of her departure for England the old lady informs her that she is to be her heiress. Returned, *au sein de sa famille*, Helena finds two younger sisters and a fond, but invalid, mother; and she also learns that two little sisters and a brother whom she had never known or seen are in their graves. Soon she becomes acquainted with the circumstances, pecuniary and otherwise, which surround the domestic circle; and it gradually appears that a mystery hangs about the past conduct of her mother, which has caused the grandmother, Mdme. Fontenoy, to regard her with cold indifference. Helena has been so long accustomed to the austere and capricious ways of her grandmother, that she has become thoroughly imbued with her pervading characteristics, and does not regard her mother in that affectionate light which a parent should expect from her child. As a matter of course, that "balm to hurt minds," which so often assumes the form of a lover, presents itself to Helena; and when, on the eve of returning to Rheims to see her grandmamma (who is now dangerously ill), she learns that the old lady has departed this life, leaving her the bulk of her property, as she had promised, she remains at the paternal home and surrenders herself gently at the shrine of Hymen. There is at first much to do about the event, Helena's unconquerable love for her grandmother overcoming all other feelings; but that mental illness—that constant war between her inner life and her outward one—being at length subdued, she becomes a happy wife, and finds her mother, whom she has neglected, her stanch and unalterable friend. It turns out that the flaw in the past life of Mrs. Desmond, the mother, was her undutifulness in marrying contrary to Mdme. Fontenoy's wishes; but, now that her daughter is married, and in due time a babe is born to her, she regards the infant as a token of peace, and feels that, in regaining her own child, she has a pledge of forgiveness of her long-repentant fault. The book is written in easy, graceful language, but with a certain calculating smoothness, not to say coldness, which occasionally falls upon the attention, and causes the reader to halt rather than pursue the narrative with unalloyed curiosity. It is called "Madame Fontenoy" merely because the granddaughter's temperament is moulded by that eccentric lady; but, as the latter is seldom present to the reader, and the heroine is never absent, "Helena Fontenoy" would have been a much more fitting appellation. The effect, however, of the influence of the grandmother's character and example upon the young girl, educated in a foreign country, at a long distance from her parents, is pleasingly wrought out; and the moral—that the disobedience of children may be productive of much mental disquietude in after days; but may, nevertheless, be atoned for by a life of gentleness and peace, and by observing the doctrine that the repetition of an error committed in one generation should be carefully averted in the next—is conveyed with a definiteness of purpose which is one of the best recommendations of the tale.

DEATH OF THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DUNDONALD.—The death of the venerable Countess Dowager of Dundonald, at a great age, on Wednesday week, at Boulogne, recalls one of the romances of history. The marriage of the gallant Earl to this brave and high-spirited lady was what he calls "the silver lining to the cloud," and he instances his marriage as a proof of the saying that the Cochrane was "noted for a dashing turn of mind, which was sometimes genius, sometimes eccentricity." Lord Dundonald, in 1812, made the acquaintance of Miss Katharine Corbett Barnes, of a family of some standing in the midland counties. There was an unlucky obstacle to the loves of the young couple in the shape of a rich uncle, the Hon. Basil Cochrane, who had destined his large Indian fortune to the re-establishment of the fortunes of the house of Cochrane, and left Lord Cochrane his heir on condition that he married the daughter of an Admiralty official who had amassed great wealth by the practices which Lord Cochrane had always denounced in Parliament. Lord Cochrane refused, and, when the uncle pressed, put Miss Barnes, who was quite as brave as her lover, into a post-chaise, and they were privately married, Aug. 8, 1812, at Annan, in Scotland, a marriage which, though proved, became, after the old hero's death, the subject of painful family disputes, now happily ended. How the lady shared her husband's dangers by sea and his persecutions on land; how her spirit cheered him when under fire, which she bore as bravely as himself; and how her constancy sustained him under that more pitiless fire from unscrupulous political foes, who degraded him and exposed him to obloquy of the grossest kind—is well known to readers of the current history of the day, and of that gallant record of pluck and fortitude, "The Autobiography of a Seaman," by Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald. The noble lady saw her injured husband restored to his rank in the Navy and in the Bath; but the absence of the noble Earl's flag in the chapel of the Bath, at Westminster Abbey (Henry VII.'s) drew forth expressions of indignation and astonishment. The Countess leaves issue four sons—Thomas, present Earl, who is in the Army; Captain the Hon. Horatio Bernardo William, R.N.; Captain the Hon. Arthur Auckland, Leopold Pedro, R.N., C.B.; and Commander Ernest Grey Lambton, R.N.—all married.

KING OTHO'S CLAIMS ON GREECE.—At the suggestion and through the mediation of Austria, negotiations have been entered into at Athens on the subject of the claims of King Otho for the restitution of his private fortune, which is still withheld from him. Two commissions are now occupied with this question—one to examine the legal value of the claims made and the other to fix the amount of the indemnity.

THE STRIKE IN THE BUILDING TRADES.

THE strike among the building trades in the midland counties is now happily at an end, and a system has been inaugurated which, it is to be hoped, will work satisfactorily for all parties in the future. The discharge-note has been formally withdrawn by the masters, the men have resumed work, and committees of workmen and employers are engaged in framing rules for the future government of the trade.

A public meeting of the masters and men connected with the building trade of Coventry was held in that city on Saturday last, for the purpose of respectively appointing delegates to frame trade rules and regulations. The Mayor (Mr. R. H. Minster) presided, and there was a large attendance.

Mr. Mault (secretary of the Manufacturers' Association) said he considered that to be one of the most important meetings in the history of the building trade, its subject being to inaugurate a comparatively new system on both sides. For the past they had had no common ground, every master and every shop had had such rules as seemed good in their own eyes. There had been no settled principle; consequently matters of dispute had continually cropped up. He trusted they were now about to enter on a course that would prevent such things obtaining in the future. He then submitted the following resolutions for the approval of the meeting:—

That the masters and men connected with the building trades of Coventry in this public meeting assembled respectively and mutually agree to the following resolutions:—

"1. That they will respectively appoint delegates to frame the rules under which the building trades of Coventry shall be carried on.

"2. That these delegates shall appoint two arbitrators, the masters' delegates appointing one and the operatives' delegates the other; and these arbitrators shall appoint an umpire; and these arbitrators and umpire shall be appointed and shall in writing accept of their several offices before the delegates shall proceed to any other business.

"3. That the delegates shall refer all regulations and other matters upon which they cannot unanimously agree to the decision of the arbitrators, and the arbitrators shall refer all such referred regulations and other matters upon which they cannot agree to the decision of the umpire.

"4. That the masters on their part and the operatives on their part respectively and mutually promise to abide by and carry out all rules which may be agreed to by the delegates or decided upon reference by the arbitrators or umpire; and to give up and cease to observe all other rules, regulations, and trade customs whatsoever."

He felt sure that if these or any other resolutions were adopted they would be carried out far more completely, far more effectually, and with far better feeling, if the masters and men could come to some understanding about the past. On the part of the masters he would pledge himself that they would treat by-gones as by-gones, and would not refer to them in any way. He trusted that the men on their part would pledge themselves to the same course.

It was objected, on the part of the men, that the rules adopted might clash with those of the trade societies, and that the appointment of arbitrators and umpire was unnecessary, as they wished that the delegates should decide every matter among themselves; and after some discussion, in which it was explained that the object was not to interfere with the existing trade societies, but to adopt rules for the common guidance of masters and men, and which had received the sanction of both parties, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"That the masters and men connected with the building trades of Coventry, in public meeting assembled, respectively and mutually agree to the following resolutions:—

"1. That they will respectively appoint delegates to frame the rules under which each of the building trades of Coventry shall be carried on, the rules for each trade being framed by the masters and delegates of that trade.

"2. That those delegates shall appoint a chairman, who shall have the casting vote.

"3. That the masters on their part and the operatives on their part respectively and mutually promise to abide by and carry out all rules which may be agreed to by the delegates or decided by the casting vote of the chairman."

Representatives of the masters and workmen in the various branches of the trade were then appointed to meet and carry out the above resolutions. It was suggested that the men should at once resume work, but as some one demurred to this it was decided that the men would consider the question, and give the masters an early answer.

LAW AND CRIME.

Two riotous outrages have this week been committed by gangs of ruffians upon respectably-dressed visitors to our public parks. One of these offences took place in Victoria Park and the other in Kensington Gardens. The frost, and the crowds assembled to view and share in the sports upon the ice, furnished the occasion. Whether by some preconcerted plan, or upon observation of the fact that the blackguards present greatly outnumbered the decently-dressed spectators, cannot be known; but suddenly the ruffians began snowballing every decent-looking person within their reach. The balls were not only of snow, or even of that dirty sludge to which snow becomes reduced by traffic or partial thaw, but contained sharp pieces of ice, pebbles, and rough fragments of granite from the macadamised roads. Gentlemen, ladies, and children were assailed, bruised, and cut by these missiles, and escaped fortunately when only drizzled and driven to flight, pursued by yelling mobs. One gentleman made head against the fellows, but his stick was at once broken to pieces and his life was placed in imminent danger at their hands. Some of the rioters were captured and brought up to the police offices of the respective districts. The result is worthy of remark. At Worship-street the prisoners captured in Victoria Park were fined only 10s. each, while at Marlborough-street those from Kensington Gardens were respectively fined £2 and £3, with the alternative of imprisonment for a month or six weeks. These punishments seem strangely inadequate. The offence of a fellow who singly commits an assault is infinitely less than that of the rioter who, with hundreds of others, combines to set law at defiance, reckless what injury may be inflicted upon innocent persons, and standing himself only the smallest possible risk of apprehension or identification.

Can evidence as to the bad character of a prisoner stand him in good stead on his trial for crime? It appears so by the case of "The Queen v. Rowton." The prisoner, the Rev. James Rowton, is a clergyman of the Church of England, and was tried before Mr. Payne upon a charge of flagrantly improper conduct, clearly proved against him. He produced witnesses as to his character. The prosecution called a witness who said that his own opinion, and that of his brothers, who had also been pupils of the prisoner, was that he (Rowton) was "a man capable of the grossest indecency and the most flagrant immorality." Rowton was found guilty and sentenced, but appealed against his conviction on the ground that the evidence which he had produced was improperly received. The Judges were of opinion that evidence as to character might be given in contradiction of that of a prisoner's witnesses to character, but that the statement of the witness in question was not such evidence as ought to have been left to the jury. It was not a statement of facts, but an expression of rumour, founded to a great extent upon hearsay. So the conviction was quashed, and Rowton escapes because it has been proved that his character was notoriously bad.

The Rev. John Hurst, Rector of Thakeham, Sussex, was summoned to answer two charges of having cruelly tortured a horse. It was proved that the rev. gentleman had for years past ridden a mare having a large wound on its spine constantly discharging blood and matter. A witness for the prosecution produced a sheepskin taken from beneath the saddle on which the rev. defendant had ridden, and which was saturated with the discharge from the poor animal's back. At the conclusion of the hearing, the chairman of the bench of magistrates thus addressed the defendant:—

Mr. Hurst, we are of opinion that this is a case of the very basest cruelty, and we are greatly indebted to the excellent society which has so properly conducted these proceedings. The charges are fully proved against you; and it is my painful duty to say that we have had the

grave doubts whether we ought not to commit you at once to the House of Correction. We fine you the full pecuniary penalty of £5 and costs in each case, and we wish we could make the amount double or treble. In default of payment you will be committed to the House of Correction for two months' hard labour.

The rev. defendant paid the fines. The fact may at first appear incomprehensible, but it is certain that among priests of every denomination are to be found the most cruel of justices, schoolmasters, and even tyrants towards the brute creation. It is not a little singular that the interpreters of Scripture should forget the proverb: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

We reported last week a case of "Bush v. Marshall," in which the plaintiff sued for rent, and the defendant pleaded that the premises occupied had been uninhabitable, by reason of being infested with vermin. We adverted to the fun of Mr. Hawkins, counsel for the defendant. The plaintiff gained a verdict for £75. Mr. Hawkins, on Saturday last, moved the Court for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict had been given against evidence. Mr. Justice Shee said "the learned counsel appeared to have made fun out of the case." Mr. Hawkins replied that he had only made a "plain and unvarnished statement of the facts."

One of defendant's witnesses deposed to having found in a bed-room of the house in question a bug "as big as a ladybird." This appears (oddly enough, to those who know what a ladybird is) to have been considered as a gross exaggeration. It may be that some persons consider a ladybird as a creature with beak and claws, as well as wings—a subject, let us say, for ornithological rather than entomological study. The so-called "ladybird" is, as others may be aware, commonly known in the country as a May-bug, and not much larger than a well-fed *Cimex lectularius*, or "Norfolk Howard," as the offensive insect is now facetiously termed. The rule applied for by Mr. Hawkins was refused. The learned gentleman's humour is often successful in a defence; but in this instance, where he had to establish a case, it appears rather to have damaged the interests of his client.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH money is very abundant, and moderately low in price, the amount of business doing in all National Securities has continued limited. Prices have had a downward tendency, and the supply of stock offered has rather increased. Consols, for Money, have been 99 1/4; Ditto, for Account, 89 1/4; Reduced and New Three per Cent. Consols, 89 1/4; Exchequer Bills, 94 to 95. Bank Stock has been 244 to 245.

Indian Stocks, &c., have changed hands slowly, at about previous rates. India Stock, 213 to 214; Ditto, Five per Cent. 103 1/4; Rupee Paper, 109 to 110 and 111; India Bonds, 10s. to 10s. 10s. 1/2; Ditto, Four per Cent. 109; Ditto, Certificates, 104.

There has been a moderate demand for money, at the annexed rates for the best commercial paper:—

| | | |
|-----------------------|---------|-----------------|
| Thirty Days' Bills | | 4 1/2 per cent. |
| Sixty Days' | | 4 1/2 " |
| Three Months' | | 5 " |
| Six Months' | | 5 1/2 " |
| One Year | | 6 " |

In the Stock Exchange loans may be had at 4 to 4 1/2 per cent. Upwards of £400,000 in bullion has arrived from various quarters. Mexican dollars have changed hands at 60 1/2, per ounce. The following returns show the state of the circulation in the United Kingdom during the four weeks ending Jan. 7:—

| | | |
|-------------------|---------|-------------|
| Bank of England | | £19,571,118 |
| Private Banks | | 2,957,367 |
| Joint-stock Banks | | 2,737,440 |
| Scotland | | 4,323,591 |
| Ireland | | 5,661,006 |
| | | £33,254,522 |

Compared with the corresponding period in 1884, the above return shows a decrease in the total circulation of £731,103. The Council for India have disposed of £300,000 in bills on the various Presidencies.

Owing to the recent Federal successes, the Confederate Loan has ruled high, and the market is now 33 to 34, nearly 100 other Foreign Securities have been dealt in to a limited extent, yet very little change has taken place in their value from last week.—Egyptian Scrip has marked 11 prem.; Italian, 10 to 11 prem.; Danubian, 1 to 1 1/2 dis.; Mexican, 7 to 8 dis.; and Turkish Consolidated, realised 5 1/2; Egyptian Seven per Cent. has been on 4 1/2; Ditto 1884, 3 1/2; Ditto 1885, 3 1/2; Ditto 1886, 3 1/2; Ditto 1887, 3 1/2; Ditto 1888, 3 1/2; Ditto 1889, 3 1/2; Ditto 1890, 3 1/2; Ditto 1891, 3 1/2; Ditto 1892, 3 1/2; Ditto 1893, 3 1/2; Ditto 1894, 3 1/2; Ditto 1895, 3 1/2; Ditto 1896, 3 1/2; Ditto 1897, 3 1/2; Ditto 1898, 3 1/2; Ditto 1899, 3 1/2; Ditto 1900, 3 1/2; Ditto 1901, 3 1/2; Ditto 1902, 3 1/2; Ditto 1903, 3 1/2; Ditto 1904, 3 1/2; Ditto 1905, 3 1/2; Ditto 1906, 3 1/2; Ditto 1907, 3 1/2; Ditto 1908, 3 1/2; Ditto 1909, 3 1/2; Ditto 1910, 3 1/2; Ditto 1911, 3 1/2; Ditto 1912, 3 1/2; 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